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Twenty Million Women Must Be Wrong

BY T. SWANN HARDING

Something about the practical economics of a wife's house-keeping for her husband, and the need of scientific guidance that her labor be not in vain

MY WIFE finds that taking care of me is a perfectly tremendous job. You'd be surprised at what she has to do. In the first place it requires a six-room house with two baths merely to contain us. Not that we fight or anything, but the "standard of living" makes its very definite requirements. We must at least have as much room as the neighbors have, which at once gives a hint of our criteria. Nor is that so silly, for Waite, in his *Economics of Consumption*, deliberately says: "The standard of living is not the best imaginable way of living, but is the way of living which people feel is incumbent upon them to realize, and without the attainment of which they will be oppressed by a feeling of dissatisfaction."

Perhaps we are easily oppressed. I sometimes think so. Anyway, we

have a nicely furnished front room with a fireplace fully equipped. We never use it, of course, but we very definitely have it. We have an excellent bed room with a perfectly ravishing bed. We never use it, of course; actually we sleep on the sleeping porch upon collapsible cots which moan and writhe all night in the most distressing way, always threatening to close in on us and smother us.

WE HAVE a pretty little dining room. Not that we use it. As a matter of fact we eat in the kitchen, which is just off my den, which latter is, in turn, the room we use. Here everything collects: my mail, my manuscripts, my files, the dog, the cat, the neighbors, stray children, all visitors, my wife, and everything else that has no place in the tidy remainder of our house. Then, just to be sure we

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have enough room, we have a spare bedroom and — for some inexplicable reason — an extra kitchen.

Eating presents a stupendous problem, for my wife has to buy food for two people, which cannot possibly be done economically; use an individual icebox of her own for storage, and a gas stove, on occasion, for cooking — for she can never use it to capacity. She finds planning the meals tiresome, getting them a heavy responsibility, and cleaning up after them a positive nuisance.

THE aforesaid house has to be kept clean and neat. My wife says it would not “pay” her to hire some one to do this, because help is so slovenly, so she does it herself, and many a day when I return home she is simply exhausted by her efforts. Sometimes she is even pugnacious, by reason of a simple physiological law which decrees that fatigue generates hypersensibility which in turn produces ready irritation. To clean our three rugs, bought at a total cost of seventy-five dollars, we maintain a vacuum cleaner which cost sixty-five and is used one hour weekly.

Our clothes have to be laundered, not to mention our sheets and our table linen. If we have a woman come in to do this, the cost seems prohibitive; we do not know whether it actually is or not. If we send the wash to the laundry, fabrics get shattered with surprising rapidity and the cost then becomes astounding! If we buy a washing-machine and an ironer, we do not know how economical they might be, and we should then have in the house two expensive pieces of industrial apparatus, to be used one day weekly and then not to capacity.

So my wife is still further worn out worrying over that.

In winter we have to buy coal and stoke our misbegotten furnace and, odamit, I have to take out the ashes. Then our lawn has to be mowed, our yard kept respectable in appearance, our house repaired and painted, and, as a matter of solemn fact, there is enough to do to keep us both busy absolutely all the time except for my brief excursions into the office. It does seem ridiculous, but it is such a tremendous job for two people to live together — at our “standard of living” — that they can be kept tired to death without any children. What on earth people with children do, my wife and I can only vaguely imagine as, utterly exhausted, we fall asleep each night.

THEN, of course, we “budget”. We liked our budget so well when we first made it out that we sent it to a magazine and it was printed! By “budgeting” I mean that we very carefully estimate what we are going to spend for every household item; then we argue about it, our relations become somewhat distant as we fasten extravagance upon the guilty party (never the speaker); and, finally, we spend a whole lot more! The only item which consistently falls below our estimate is “savings”. The elasticity and infinite capacity of the item called “sundries” has brought me in recent years to some vague comprehension of astronomical distances. We have tried calling that item “miscellaneous”, or “advancement”, or “personal”, or “higher life”, but it remains just as incorrigible as ever. Since the economic books say that “‘savings’ includes all prospective

accumulations of the family," I suppose we do save. We do accumulate money prospectively. But, I insist, our budget looked better than any of them when it appeared in the magazine.

BEFORE we were married, it was all so different. I had a big room with bath attached. In it I lived. It was heated by means I was not called upon to investigate, and I ate when and where I pleased. Someone spent fifteen minutes daily tidying it, and on Saturday cleaned it thoroughly in an hour. My wife lived in similar fashion before she was my wife, and we had all the leisure we wanted — too much leisure, in fact; for we had time to court, which explains why I am married and now have a "standard of living" in my family. My wife was never tired then.

Now she is simply deviled to death, caring for me. She blames me for all her fatigue. I, having no one else to blame, say she is at fault because she is inefficient. She must be wrong, but unfortunately I lack statistical evidence to prove it. But anyway we work ourselves to death to maintain what the politicians glibly call our "standard of living". It is, therefore, a rather remarkable fact that no one has as yet any scientific knowledge of what a true standard of living is in America and, also, that housewives have so little to guide them as to their economic value, what work they should do themselves, what they should have done for them in the house, and what ought to be done elsewhere.

Housework stolidly remains a distributive industry in a fast centralizing age. Robbing Chase's *Tragedy of Waste* of a very few statistics we find that some twenty million women are

occupied with keeping house, and that they probably accomplish very much less productively than their ten million sisters who have entered centralized industry. This is very instructive, and will at least serve to give my paper an edifying character and an authoritative tone. But what is being done about this condition?

SOMEONE at the extreme right of the hall says something about the good-housekeeping institutes established by certain publications. Yes; they are telling the ladies how high their sink should be, and advising them to buy a certain manufacturer's sinks. They tell them that washing is drudgery, and whose washing-machine to buy. They inveigh against the primitive nature of hand dish-washing, and tell them whose patent dish-washing machinery to procure. They expatiate upon food values and then tell whose gelatin, cooked soup and cheese to buy.

These agencies seem very scientific. They wish to introduce modern industrial efficiency into the home, where it is scientifically inapplicable. As a matter of fact, though it may seem strange, they wish to introduce into as many homes as possible the extravagantly expensive household appliances and the patent foods which buy their advertising space so recklessly. Women are caught by this propaganda and buy the goods offered regardless of the basic economic consequences of such buying. Commercial institutes cannot be impartial so long as they are paid for by the advertiser; they can weed out a few obvious frauds and that is all.

But as I survey the grandeur of my wife's fatigue I feel a poignant need

for some impartial agency to investigate this problem of housekeeping scientifically and without a new cereal in one hand and a fancy sort of expensive aluminum utensil in the other. Women need to know what their time is worth, what a standard of living really is, how to centralize their household industry to gain efficiency without sacrificing individuality, and what apparatus it is economically useful to have. To date they buy leisure and efficiency at extravagant prices; the large spheres of housekeeping where machinery will not apply remain uninvestigated, and women have little idea what to do for the best.

PERHAPS the studies of the United States Bureau of Home Economics in the Department of Agriculture will eventually help them to face their profession more scientifically. I sometimes think so. For I find that that organization, which actually expends nearly \$125,000 annually in a country which spends a hundred and ninety million dollars annually for perfumery and cosmetics, is seriously undertaking as best it can the basic investigation of the problem of housekeeping from an impartial, scientific standpoint. It is not trying to sell or to prove anything. Its mood is receptive. It is content to permit the facts to speak for themselves while it provides the statistical apparatus. It is typical of our national heedlessness that we should have waited until 1923 before establishing a Governmental agency of such fundamental importance, and that we should then munificently cast it annually one-third-thousandth of what we spend for useless patent medicines.

At this moment of the mechanization age, task planning and mechanical convenience remain enthroned as the ideals of housekeeping perfection. Yet it is economically perfectly asinine to attempt to introduce a factory into the home as at present organized. The small size of the household and the variety of its tasks forbid the useful application of industrial methods. There is no large scale production in the home and our mechanism is built for large scale production. "Standardized operations" and "the one best way" can save only a minimum of my wife's time; hence no marked increase of efficiency is possible by such means. Improvements in housing and equipment today are too much in the hands of the manufacturer, with the home keeper essentially ignorant of the science of housekeeping and playing a passive rôle.

TO DATE women must be wrong, but they have only organized advertising propaganda and the bleatings of ignorant politicians to guide them. They very much need this Governmental agency which is prepared to make a fundamental and unbiased study of their neglected profession. The work has a very definite interest for me, because I have a weakness for individuals and agencies which sweep away the fluffy impedimenta of opinion and propaganda and get down beneath to see scientifically what the facts really are. Dr. Louise Stanley, Chief of the Bureau mentioned, and her assistants, seem to be doing just that. I want to know why my wife must be tired to death all the time. I somehow do not think it either sensible or efficient for even one person to be worked to exhaustion in the effort

to care for the establishment which two persons seem to require. Do they require it, then? Like many other people I want some facts for guidance.

In a general way we know very little about the relations between production and consumption today. Certain agencies whoop it up, and say, "Produce potatoes!" or "Produce wheat!" Everybody jumps in and produces potatoes and wheat. They drug the market, prices drop, and then other agencies cry, "Eat the surplus!" But you can't do it. Man shall not live by wheat alone. The stuff rots and another cycle is over. That procedure is typical.

The world's food supply is still discussed in terms of commodity units of measurement and of population rather than in units of nutritional needs — the calories, proteins, minerals, roughage and vitamins purchasable at such and such prices, the only possible scientific attitude. We are still urged to eat surpluses it is nutritionally impossible for us to eat.

WE KNOW as little of clothing standards and their relation to health. At what temperature does the human body function best? Should we wear heavy clothes underneath or on top in winter? Which fabrics permit the unimpeded passage of the important ultra-violet rays? Are open or close weaves more healthful? Does an individual clothed in batiste or nainsook cotton receive more ultra-violet radiation than one arrayed in silks and wools? And which color is most advantageous? These are things we need to know in price terms before standards of living become scientific.

We know little also of what constitutes adequate housing in a physio-

logical and psychological sense; its appropriate modifications for urban and rural conditions and the flexibility which can adapt it to changes in the health or the size of the family. The economic value of household equipment remains a complete mystery, and home makers are still listed by the Census (with unconscious irony) as "unprofitably" employed.

THESE few haphazard facts make it apparent that politicians of whatever sect who talk of "full dinner pails" and "raising the standard of living" are simply talking at random and, as usual, do not know what they are talking about. I do not know what my standard of living is. I could not possibly figure that out. We seem to spend roughly twice as much for food as most people we know, but I am not at all sure that we are really well nourished.

I do not know that my clothes are healthful, sanitary and of proper weight and texture. Much cheaper or much more expensive clothes might be far better for me. I do not know that my house is adapted to my physique or cut to fit my temperament. It costs like the devil, but it may be very subtly undermining my health or driving me insane. If I may rely upon your confidence I may say that I do not even know whether my wife is wasting most of her time or not. I am fairly safe, even if she sees this, for she palpably doesn't know, either. No one on earth knows.

Of course Japan has made some seven thousand complete standard of living studies which will in the end enable families to adjust their expenditures to their incomes in a ra-

tional manner. Some similar studies are being made in Shanghai. Fortunately for our rating among the family of nations, such studies are being worked out in Washington, too. Just one instance: experts in nutrition (Sherman and Gillett: *Adequacy and Economy of Some City Diets*) know that the American diet is usually low in energy, in calcium, in iron and in phosphorus. As we eat more meat our dietary energy suffers; as we eat more grain it increases, while the minerals come predominantly from milk, fruits and fresh vegetables. Our expenditures for meat usually far out-balance our expenditures for the two last mentioned types of foods; if we spent in equal proportions for each type — meats, grains and milk, fruits and vegetables — our diets would be better balanced. I cite this merely to show that it is not what we spend in food (our "budget") but what we get for our money that counts.

LET us follow this idea a little further. Dibble in his *Laws of Supply and Demand* estimates that one-half of the things we consume respond to conscious wants, while suggestion and direction (advertising and sales departments) shove the rest upon us willy-nilly. Who does the buying? We have fairly reliable estimates to show that women, alone and unassisted, do two-thirds of it. When you remember the wide variety of things a woman has to buy you see that she must, to be expert, have a knowledge that no firm on earth would expect of its purchasing agent, and in many forms of business (of which housekeeping happens to be one) the purchasing department is

second to the sales department in importance, or is actually the more important activity of the two.

What is woman up against? As an instance we find the United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin 1317 on *Retail Marketing of Meat* saying that high grade meat merchants of irreproachable ethics shift to lower grades of meat on a rising wholesale market and only restore grade one when a decline in wholesale prices occurs, thus keeping their retail prices uniform. This is a common custom in many lines. Our expert housekeeper-purchasing agent has, to be efficient, to have the ability to detect all such frauds. She simply cannot do it without some guidance.

DURING the war we had a consumer's guide to fair prices, but woman is given no such assistance in decadent times of peace. Consumer standards need to be worked out, goods graded and so labeled that any buyer can get her money's worth. How? I merely take time to cite the United States Bureau of Standards whose 800 scientists and technicians save the Government a hundred million dollars a year by such standardizations on a basis of actual quality, and saved dealers and manufacturers of builders' hardware ten million dollars at one stroke. We need just such agencies to standardize all products in terms of actual quality and to maintain such standards before housewives can regularly purchase with intelligence.

I have spoken of my vacuum cleaner. Is it worth its upkeep? I do not know. Assume that it cost sixty dollars and will last ten years; the interest charge is therefore \$3.60 per

year and I should allow at least a dollar for repairs and six off for depreciation; this means an upkeep of \$10.60 annually, or twenty cents a week. Assume that the power used costs ten cents, and you get thirty cents a week. I must compare that figure with other methods of cleaning — and I do not know what they cost — before I can tell whether my wife should pay thirty cents an hour, plus her time, to do the rug cleaning by this method. Gas stoves, refrigerators, patent washers, ironers and every other piece of household apparatus involve just such calculations, which we cannot make today.

BUT the aforementioned Bureau of Home Economics is now involved in a long and complicated study which should indicate the solution of some of these problems. They are studying the time spent by homemakers at various activities in order to determine the nature and amount of such work done in the home and by whom it is done, the conditions which determine overwork or underwork, the amount and kind of help hired, the possibilities of reducing time and energy expenditure, the economic value of mechanical equipment, and whether housekeeping should always be a full time job. When that study is completed we may begin to know a little something, but such studies are frightfully involved and perplexing things to undertake.

Standards of living that mean something may then be set up, for we shall have at our disposal not only figures in dollars spent but some actual knowledge of the relative amounts of really good food, satisfactory housing and proper clothing purchased

with this money. To date most budgets are as unreliable and as meaningless as mine.

MY WIFE, of course, likes to think that her time is worth something, but she has no idea what. No definite information exists. Save as she manages to get a job of decoration done by one firm for one hundred dollars less than another bid she can never see her value, and even then we do not know whether we needed the decorating done at all or not. We probably did; at least there would have been no peace in our house otherwise, if you know what I am attempting vaguely to convey.

In studies so far partly completed certain women showed a per hour value of from fifty cents to two dollars or a little more, for some of their time at least. It depended both upon what they were doing and how well they did it. A woman usually works non-competitively and without close supervision in her home; that in itself is a great drawback. Few men would persevere in industry and efficiency under such conditions — if they could lie down every time they felt like it or leave the job for tomorrow when the spirit moved them, or slack it without chance of a reprimand.

In doing the family wash as compared with the piece-prices of a commercial laundry, some housekeepers have been shown to “earn” an hour rate of two dollars. Others, much less efficient, earned but half as much, though they used the same equipment, the same methods and the same clothes. Speed made the difference. A woman usually wastes her time canning vegetables or fruits in the home, unless the fruit costs her noth-

ing extra, because comparable commercial grades are available at prices lower than her canning costs. How many women know that? Very few, it would seem.

Where machinery has cut into labor costs, however, it appears that the woman in the home cannot compete economically. Even commercial laundry work still demands much ironing by hand, and that is why the homemaker, if her apparatus is not too expensive, can compete well enough to earn two dollars hourly, sometimes, doing the family wash. On the other hand, if she undertakes to make a cheap cotton dress, her time drops to thirty cents or less an hour, because her supplies alone cost about as much as a machine made dress. These are only a few examples. Hundreds pop out from every corner in the house, and the woman today knows practically nothing about the proper scientific course to follow.

LET me grow personal again. My wife and I can get right near our home a well cooked and nourishing meal for fifty cents. If we add ten or fifteen cents more the meal becomes complete; that takes care of a salad. We could not possibly get such a meal in the home for twice what we pay at the little restaurant, when all costs are included. Does it pay us to eat at home? I hardly believe it does, yet I may overlook some factors which a thoroughly sound scientific study would not overlook.

In most homes housekeeping remains a full time job. We look back upon great-grandmother as a combined executive and productive worker of phenomenal efficiency. Was she? Who knows? She left us no time cards

and no cost of production records. We have no scientific information to go by. Cresswell in his *Journal* (circa 1774-1777) said that the American women of that day wore no stays, had bad teeth, were tall and well made, "good natured, familiar and agreeable upon the whole, but confoundedly indolent." However, he was a marooned English visitor and probably prejudiced. Besides he was living in Alexandria, Virginia, when he wrote that; surely nothing could be more depressing.

WOMAN tries to better her estate, but she begins wrong. She starts in usually by accepting her present list of tasks as it stands, and hopes, by short cuts, to do each task more quickly. If the family wash takes too long she buys a washing machine, raises her tubs to better height, lets the clothes soak over night, and disregards purely economic factors entirely. She gets a self-regulating oven, moves her kitchen supplies and utensils nearer her work table, and thus "solves" the baking problem.

It is much more important for her to know that, for instance, hired help is no economic solution of her problem. For one thing, few families can afford help. For another, nothing is gained by foisting a task upon a worker who is still more unskilled, usually, than the housewife. I am speaking now in purely economic terms. Help may seem to afford relief to individual homemakers, but as a whole it merely shifts the main problem and leaves it unsolved. Indeed it was a shortage of domestic servants which focussed attention upon the household and resulted in the remarkable epidemic of expensive mechanical

appliances now at its height. Yet this too is economic folly. What can be done?

Studies now under way will at least show the housekeeper how she spends her time, what she "earns," how long various tasks take and what the family income really purchases in scientific terms of value, not in appearance. It may even throw families into groups so that we can say, "Mrs. B. with a family of five in Berryville should have her laundry done outside the home, and it would pay the childless Joneses to eat in restaurants altogether."

OF COURSE nothing so definite may be found out by studying actual homemakers. In that case long and involved experimental studies will have to be made in the laboratory. It is certainly obvious that greater centralization would not go amiss. It seems positive that centralized agencies should attend to laundry work, for instance, at prices housekeepers could afford to pay.

But how far dare we go with that sort of thing? When we get to centralized heat, distances have to be shorter, closer community of life impends, and certain good people fear the barracks! I therefore make bold to conclude with a suggestion emitted at random.

My wife is peculiar in that she really enjoys the profession of housekeeping. Give her her choice of occupations, and she would prefer to direct some large institution like a hotel or a hospital, and she would do it capably. Whereas most of the women near us loaf and fret all day, my wife works and enjoys it, but the misfortune is that her effective-

ness is limited in scope by the very insignificance of its motive; i.e., keeping me, one man, properly cared for.

There are twenty families in our block; roughly eighty people. Twenty women work "full time" at the job of housekeeping with the assistance of the equivalent of some five other women "full time" employed by the day or week. The extravagance in the matter of equipment is terrible. Give my wife two really trained maids, one really good cook and two thoroughly capable women of all work, and she could take one-tenth of the equipment and run the entire block properly. Six women could thus replace twenty-one with more satisfaction all around and better efficiency, and they could do all the work more economically. They would automatically release the twenty-one for any cultural, charitable or gainful occupation or profession they chose.

I SUBMIT this suggestion in all seriousness as bridging the gap between the frightfully uneconomical home of today and the barracks of frank Communism. It argues centralized laundry work, nutrition, house cleaning, perhaps heating, and child segregation during the day under trained nurses and to the child's benefit; but it would scrupulously preserve the inherent individuality of each home and its intimate possessions. The housework would be capably and competently done by professional housekeepers, the saving would be enormous and the gain in efficiency fabulous. It would not work? Do you mean that we should deliberately prefer household chaos? If so, it leaves me cold.

Bootleg Science in Tennessee

BY ORLAND KAY ARMSTRONG

Since Arkansas has now joined our Anti-Evolution States, this story of how her sister Commonwealth evades the famous Monkey Law is most timely

THE sovereign people of Arkansas went to the polls on election day last November and cast a solemn verdict banning the teaching of Evolution from the curricula of all the State-supported schools. Of course the referendum was not unanimous, but a comfortable majority displayed a determination to oust the damnable doctrine. To show they meant business, they approved a law more drastic than that of Tennessee.

What will be the result? Will the voice of scientific truth be heard no more in Arkansas? The answer can be found over in the neighboring State. Four years ago this spring the legislature of Tennessee passed a law which was solemnly styled —

An Act prohibiting the teaching of the Evolution Theory in all the Universities, Normals and all other public schools of Tennessee, which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the State, and to provide penalties for the violation thereof.

The first of the three sections of the law made it unlawful “to teach any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order

of animals;” the second provided for a minimum fine of \$100 for such criminal action; and the third stipulated that “This act shall take effect from and after its passage, the public welfare demanding it.”

THE bill, introduced quietly but determinedly by grimfaced Representative Butler, who sought his seat in that session with the announced intention of putting through such a correction to the grave condition threatening the public welfare of the State, was hilariously passed by the House, hotly contested but nevertheless passed by the Senate, and signed by the late Governor, Austin Peay. Then followed the eruption which broke out at Dayton and gave the courthouse of that town the distinction of sheltering one of the most famous trials in history.

No one expected John T. Scopes, high school teacher of Dayton, to be cleared of the charge they brought against him. He was too plainly guilty as indicated, of having violated the penal code of the sovereign State of Tennessee by teaching Evolution, “then and there unlawfully and wil-

fully . . . against the peace and dignity of the State". And when conviction was finally announced the Tennessee Supreme Court took months to consider thick tomes of testimony and argument, and then announced that the judgment of the trial court was just and right, but that Judge Raulston erred in assessing the fine, which duty should have been assumed by the jury. The Supreme Court then solemnly advised that "We think the peace and dignity of the State, which all criminal prosecutions are brought to redress, will be better preserved by the entering of a *nolle prosequi* herein. We suggest such a course to the Attorney-General."

This little aside remark, indicating how hard pressed were the members of this high tribunal to approve the Anti-Evolution Law and at the same time "git shet" of the Scopes case, must have caused many a grave lawyer of Tennessee to shut himself in his office and rock with merriment. The Attorney-General dutifully cast the case overboard, where it sank with but a faint ripple; and the Anti-Evolution Law as affirmed remained securely tied to the Ship of State of Tennessee as that vessel sailed grandly on.

Now, what has happened in the past four years? Has the teaching of science actually been abandoned in the State-supported institutions of higher learning in Tennessee? And, if not, how in the name of all that is intelligent and enlightened *is* science taught there? Have biology, psychology, sociology and the long list of 'ologies that were dragged into the gigantic farce of the Scopes case been omitted from the curricula?

To find the answer I went from one

end of the State to the other, visiting many of the high schools and institutions of higher learning. The answer is that the theory of Evolution is bootlegged into the teaching of science in Tennessee. Instructors of science cheerfully admit that the great cause of learning, including education in scientific matters, is going merrily ahead in their State, and that no fool monkey law could stop it.

"The only change in our system of teaching science is that we have substituted quite generally the word 'development' for the word 'evolution'," one of the ranking members of a State Normal School told me. "Of course it is impossible to teach biology, psychology, sociology or even physical geography without using the most fundamental fact in science, that of the evolutionary development of organic life," he continued. "We are not going to teach a Seventeenth Century science because of a Seventeenth Century law! We are simply making an effort to be inoffensive to the existing law in our promulgation of truth."

THIS instructor summarized the sentiment of about fifty educators whom I interviewed. One professor sat back and shook with laughter. Then he grew serious, wiped his glasses, rose and went over to his bookcase. He returned with an armload of books.

"There are the texts and references we use in the subject I teach. I presume they are open to the world. Read them."

They are in use as texts and reference books in most of the institutions of higher learning in the whole country. Their authors would as soon have thought to omit using the theory of

gravitation as the theory of evolution.

"Here is the joke on the Legislature, and on the Supreme Court, for that matter," a biology teacher gravely assured me. "We can always get around the law by changing the expressions used. And as a matter of fact, the law missed fire on us, because no modern evolutionist teaches that we descended from 'lower orders of life'. It is agreed among reputable scientists that man evolved parallel to other forms and that he is as old as all other species. As to his kinship with them — that, of course, cannot be denied, and we cannot teach without teaching it. But technically the law could not touch us because of the way it is worded."

Now Scopes was a teacher in a high school, and it is in the high schools that most of the "getting around the law by changing the expressions used" has occurred. Following the Dayton trial there was a hurried revision of most of the high school science textbooks. The textbook commission of the State Department of Education at Nashville thumbed anxiously through the science books. Publishers were asked for the deletion of certain statements that might prove offensive. Authors smilingly obliged. One of them produced this enlightening comment on the effect of Darwin's life and teachings, opposite a picture of the scientist much discussed at Dayton:

Charles Darwin, to whom the world owes a great part of its modern progress in biology, spent twenty years in getting answers to puzzling questions as to how plants and animals came to resemble and to differ from each other. He then produced one of the epoch making books of all time, *On the Origin of Species*. Even if we cannot hope to be Pasteurs

and Darwins, we can at least keep our eyes and ears open; we can be continually learning new and interesting facts; and we may be able to contribute something of real value to the sum total of human knowledge.

In a zoölogy textbook in use in the larger high schools, under "Mammals and their Relation to Human Welfare," the efforts at revision to conform to the Anti-Evolution Law brought forth a discussion of "The Highest Order of Mammals, the Primates," as follows:

Some of these animals, while resembling the human species in many characteristics, must of course be recognized as having evolved (developed) along special lines of their own, and none of them are to be thought of as the source or origin of the human species. It is futile, therefore, to look for the primitive stock of the human species in any existing animal.

"You see," triumphantly remarked a high school teacher, "we satisfy the law with that paragraph. Those who made that law do not know enough science to realize that this is not an argument against Evolution. They think it is a flat-footed declaration against the damnable doctrine. As a matter of fact it is a very cleverly worded statement that has the merit of being scientific truth, descriptively phrased, of course."

A TEACHER of embryology in the College of Medicine at Memphis (a division of the University of Tennessee), who literally lives in the atmosphere of the dissecting room, declared thoughtfully:

"The law has made no difference in our teaching here at the Medical College. How could it? We are not dealing with fine points in religious dogma. Come to this window. Do you see that building across the street?

That is the Baptist Hospital. Our men study anatomy here and use their knowledge of anatomy over there. They delve into the secrets of what is mortal in God's creatures here to help keep alive and happy what is immortal in God's creatures over there. Do we prostitute our scientific knowledge at the whim of unscientific zealots? We do not! Does that answer your question?"

ALTHOUGH the fog of the Scopes case has long since cleared away, there is still warm indignation among instructors of science in Tennessee schools for three distinct reasons: First, because Tennessee now bears the stigma of being a backward and ignorant State generally; second, because a set of officials in the Legislature and the administrative department of the Government engaged in a game of log-rolling politics to let pass the famous "monkey bill" in the first place; and third, because the Scopes case was pounced upon by outsiders on both sides of the fence to give it the appearance of a gigantic tournament of right against wrong, of religion against atheism. The irritation of these educators is justified by figures which show that, while there is some illiteracy in a few backward mountain regions, there is surprisingly little in that broad sweep of fertile land from the foothills west to the Mississippi River.

"Look at our school system!" urges one authority. "At the top we have the University at Knoxville, with complete medical colleges at Memphis, and the three teachers' colleges at Johnson City, Murfreesboro and Memphis. Then there is a Polytechnic School at Cookeville and a Junior

College of Agriculture and Home Economics at Martin. We have eight months minimum school in the rural districts and nine months in the towns and cities. Our high schools are among the best in equipment and technique of all in the land."

BUT the fact that the schools are good and the populace literate does not mean that there was not a great surge of public sentiment in Tennessee against Evolution. It was a moral issue to thousands, who believed that the Darwinian theory promulgated a colossal atheistic slander against man. Mr. Butler and his colleagues in the Legislature knew that hundreds of pulpits and forums would resound with praise of his great movement. But the "monkey bill" would never have become a law had not that constant practice of every legislative body, log-rolling, been engaged in. Governor Peay had his heart set on certain progressive measures, the principal item of which, curiously enough, was the expansion of education in Tennessee by the lengthening of the school term and by greatly increasing the appropriations for the university and the teachers' colleges.

"The truth of the matter is that the supporters of Governor Peay's programme were mighty hard pressed for votes," blandly explains a newspaper man well fitted to summarize the matter, "and they were willing to concede the 'monkey bill' to win over the Anti-Evolutionist members who were for the most part holding out on the school programme. This fact has been carefully buried in the big smoke raised by the Dayton case, but it is an amusing commentary that this little exchange of voting power brought

about some astounding judicial horse-play. I happen to know that when the bill reached the Governor several representatives of the State Department of Education worked feverishly upon some of these obstreperous Anti-Evolutionists to line them up for the 'progressive programme' of the Executive, and found them willing to listen to reason if the Governor would sign the Butler bill. He signed it!"

APPENDED to the bill that came back with his signature was a most unusual statement. It explained that the law would be totally inactive, but that it would serve to call the attention of the people to matters of religion and morality! With all his vast lack of scientific knowledge, Governor Peay was never accused of insincerity in that appended notation. But this brief message sounded the keynote which rang through the Dayton trial. In the eyes of the mass of people in Tennessee, William Jennings Bryan came down to champion the cause of Fundamentalism and hence religion and morality, and Darrow *et al.* came down to do battle for atheism and the powers of darkness.

"And that left us holding the sack," gloomily recounted a teacher of science in one of the teachers' colleges. Did you notice that mighty few of the science teachers of Tennessee testified at the trial? It wasn't because they weren't burning with desire to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It was because it meant educational suicide. They tried to sub-poena me, but I could not be found.

'Get out of the State,' ordered an administrative officer of my institution. So I loaded up my car, took my wife along, and we drove over into Arkansas, up through Missouri, and around in a great circle, while the trial went gaily on and the sheriff waited on my front porch! It was not very dignified, but it was safe; and that applies to the way we teach evolution since the trial."

A fourth cause of irritation among Tennessee educators might be added, namely, that the Anti-Evolution Law is likely to remain on the statute books for years to come.

"WITH all the progress Tennessee is making in education, cannot the law be speedily repealed, so that the teacher of science need not labor under the handicap of bootlegging evolution under changed expressions and a long devious pathways?" one asks.

"Not in a thousand years," is the verdict, expressed by a prominent scientist of the state. "Of course we won't need to be afraid of offending it so long. Just a generation longer, and the law will be an amusing relic. But these schools are teaching the young folks, and not the legislators and judges of the present. In face of the fact that the law was affirmed, after the issue was fought out, so far as the popular conception goes, on the basis of right versus wrong, the law must stand. We prefer to teach as best we can, and let the law die with the coming of a new generation, rather than have another Dayton trial!"

Why Not a New Party?

BY NORMAN THOMAS

*The Socialist candidate for President in the recent election sees
in the failure of the Democratic Party a chance for his
own to become the real Opposition*

OUR United States is the only great political democracy, real or alleged, in all the world where the two major parties which contest elections have no clear cut difference between them. This is a serious matter, because parties are the necessary instruments of government in modern political democracies. They may be so numerous that effective government requires some more or less stable grouping as in France, or so well organized and inclusive that two or at most three occupy the field, as in Great Britain and heretofore in the United States. In any case the individual voters, no matter how keen their intelligence or noble their motives, must express their desires through the machine of party action.

It is easier to deplore the weaknesses and dangers of party government than to substitute anything for it. The non-partisan government of good men which Washington vainly tried to set up in America is even more hopelessly out of the question in our day than in his. All the elaborate machinery not only of our elections but of our primaries has been established because the intricate business of repre-

sentative government in a nation of one hundred and twenty million people requires organized and cohesive parties, and our hope of achieving something like political democracy depends upon making these parties our servants, not our masters.

Yet if our original statement concerning the similarity of the Republican and Democratic parties is correct in spite of primary and election laws, we have signally failed in making our parties fit instruments for intelligent political action. Obviously the choice between two parties which do not divide on basic principles, which belong to the same general set of interests, which fight for office and discuss at election time only irrelevant or secondary issues, is next door to no choice at all. We might as well save the expense of an election and draw lots for our rulers.

DURING the extraordinary campaign of 1928, as the Socialist candidate for the Presidency, I travelled thousands of miles, and spoke in thirty-seven States, from coast to coast, from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. In scores of meetings and hundreds of conversations with those

who knew my identity and those who did not, I found no one even to suggest a difference between the old parties. My statement of their similarity was always accepted and applauded. The passionate feeling of the campaign had to do with the personalities of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith and what they were supposed to stand for or typify. Al Smith came through the campaign with no programme for the power industry as a whole, no clearly stated programme on injunctions, unemployment, taxation or foreign relations, and none at all on coal. He adopted wholesale for the ancient party of Free Trade the protective tariff notions of the Republicans, and was so successful in proving that he was not a Socialist that he proved he was no true Progressive. In his admirable and sportsmanlike farewell after the election he referred to his as a Liberal party, but did not mention one principle of Liberalism to distinguish it from the Republican. Indeed he could hardly talk a very meaningful sort of Liberalism when six of the eight States he carried are among the least Liberal in the country and one of them — Arkansas — in voting for him, or rather for his party, voted also against Darwin and the theory of evolution!

IN SHORT, the career of Senator Cope-land of New York typifies American politics. He started as Republican Mayor of Ann Arbor, Michigan; he has just been reelected Democratic Senator from New York; and all he ever changed was his address. Incidentally he is strongly opposed to mumps and for Pluto water, a personal platform useful to him and characteristically American.

Now this situation may not greatly

trouble the average American in the peculiar times of political apathy and fairly well diffused acceptance of things as they are through which we have been passing. But he is blind indeed who thinks that the Coolidge era is immortal. Even now there are signs of unrest on the horizon. Americans when roused are neither patient nor pacific. We have more violence in big strikes than characterizes many a European *coup d'état*. We cannot trust to political drift or the indirect influence of new ideas if political action is to be a way of peaceful change. A new party will not be born full grown out of the brain of emergency. It must be built. We must cultivate the habit of political action, the atmosphere of genuine political discussion. That means that we must have or create an instrument of political action for the masses as distinct from the two parties financed and therefore owned by big business.

FOR big business, special privilege, the priests and potentates of things as they are, the situation as it was prior to November 6, 1928, is almost ideal, at least in the short view. If we had a dictator we might, metaphorically speaking, shoot him; if we had but one party we might organize against it. But two parties to divert people — what could be more clever? No wonder your General Motors and Du Pont officials, your bankers and others, so nicely divided up their financial support.

But the magnitude of the Hoover landslide awakens a question whether already the two party system as we have known it may not be near its end. The continued vitality of the Democratic party nationally after three suc-

cessive crushing defeats is open to grave doubt. True, it got an immense number of votes in 1928. But — unfortunately as I think — it is not the popular but the Electoral vote that counts practically and psychologically. The Electoral vote gave only eight States out of forty-eight to the Democrats. And what is more important, there is no principle of cohesion in Smith's 14,000,000 votes. Some were for him in spite of the party; some for the party in spite of him. There is no leader, no issue, no philosophy, no national organization, to hold these millions together. Only a name and a tradition. Now it is already evident that astute politicians and business leaders, both Republican and Democratic, will try to use this name and tradition to salvage the party.

WE ARE not, however, so much concerned with what business leaders and politicians may do as with what those who want an instrument of political progress should do.

Logically three things might seem to be possible: (1) to capture one or other of the old parties; (2) to develop the tendency to *bloc* action across party lines; (3) to build up a strong party of opposition not as a third but as a second party, supplanting one of the old parties as the Republican supplanted the Whig.

The first possibility has been tried with some degree of success in the Republican primaries in certain States. It has not succeeded nationally; it will not be welcomed by Mr. Hoover. It is ridiculous to expect the capture of the Republican party nationally by the La Follettes and Norrises at a time when they are losing control in their own States.

Is it not equally ridiculous to expect the capture of the Democratic party by Progressives? In the first place the name Democratic is dearest traditionally to that South, which for definite and easily understood reasons is the least progressive part of the country. In the second place, the Democrats of the North would be more easily united in a party of city sidewalks, anti-Prohibition and non-Protestant, than into any real Progressive party.

Finally, what Smith with his humane instincts and his group of liberal advisers would not or could not do, no Democratic leader can do. The Quixotic dream of certain Liberals that the Democratic party might be rehabilitated is more pitiful after November 6 than before. How will they rehabilitate in defeat this strange conglomeration of Northern wets and Southern dries, how make a unit out of the party of a handful of hopeful Liberals and the masses of the Tammany and the Hague machine, the party financed by the open shop Raskob, voted for by a probable majority of organized labor, and metaphysically interpreted to the élite by the pundits of *The New Republic* and Walter Lippmann in *The New York World*? To expect such a result is to believe in more fairies than Peter Pan ever imagined.

THE second political policy is the further development of *blocs*. We have had them for years, more or less well organized and more or less acknowledged: the industrial *bloc*, the labor *bloc*, the farm *bloc*, the progressive *bloc*, alliances which shift and change with different issues. All important Congressional legislation is decided by votes that cross out and almost obliterate party lines. If ours

were a centralized, Parliamentary Government in the European sense, we might expect the development of these *blocs* and perhaps a new political alignment in consequence. But ours is not a centralized, Parliamentary Government. We have forty-eight States to consider besides the Federal Government. More and more great economic problems like the control of electric power require coöperation of States and Nation which Congress *blocs* cannot bring about.

IN THE Federal Government we have the courts and the President to consider. Not only the power of the President to initiate policies, to enforce laws, to distribute patronage and appoint judges, but his immense prestige as the one official voted on by the entire country, makes ours far more nearly a Presidential than a Parliamentary Government. It is often and truly said that to build a new party in America is harder than in a Parliamentary country. It is also even more indispensable if we are to have well coördinated action under our system of government. Certainly what liberal legislation we have achieved by sheer pressure of facts, by indirect influence and through *bloc* action lags far behind the demands of any progressive programmes. Usually it is either inadequate in itself or comes too late to achieve the purpose which originally inspired it. Even constructive legislation like the creation of the Federal Trade Commission can be largely thwarted by the character of the Presidential appointments or, like the Clayton Act and the Child Labor laws, nullified by the Supreme Court. To sum up the outlook for *bloc* action: while a progressive *bloc* may

force through some good legislation and defeat some bad, it can never of itself fill the White House as the French *bloc* can fill the Premier's chair, or lay down a programme for State and Federal action as a strong party might.

IT REMAINS to consider the case of a new party. Unquestionably the last election enormously quickened a general belief that such a party is possible and indeed necessary. Letters and conversations since the election make me believe that there is a more widely diffused interest just now in such a party than at any time since the World War, not excepting the year of the La Follette movement. However, something more than diffuse interest is necessary to create a strong party, and it must be admitted that the official leadership of the Labor movement which, alas, has been steadily losing in spirit, morale and idealism since the days of the Conference for Progressive Political Action, is even less ready than in 1923 or 1924 to give effective support to a new Labor party somewhat on the British model. Moreover, various political movements, such as the La Follette movement in Wisconsin, and the Non-Partisan League, have gone backward rather than forward since 1924. The Minnesota Farmer-Labor party, which endorsed no National ticket in 1928, is the only State movement in an encouraging frame of health.

We have two Nation-wide minority political movements to consider: The Communist or Workers' party and the Socialist. The Communists may play a considerable rôle in American life. They cannot possibly form a nucleus of any strong party of achievement through political action, for the very

good reason that they believe in salvation not by political action in the usual sense of the term but by catastrophe. They participate in politics to "educate"—in their sense of the word—the workers. Nothing, they hold, can stop the drift under capitalism to World War, which must be turned to world revolution.

SOcialists on the other hand have proclaimed in season and out of season their faith in a Labor party as a real instrument of achievement. In 1924 not only by words but by deeds they proved their willingness to merge their identity in such a party. The breakdown of the La Follette coalition, preceded by the Communist split and all the troubles of the war and post-war years, left the Socialists far weaker in organization in 1928 than in previous elections. No longer had they the personal appeal of Eugene Debs to offer to the masses. They faced the new American capitalism with official standing on the ballot without filing petitions in only four States, and with very limited resources. From the moment the nomination of Al Smith was certain it was clear that the curious complex of feeling for or against him would absorb all the mere protest vote on which otherwise the Socialists might have counted. It was a foregone conclusion that the result in votes would be small. What made the campaign worth while was the contacts made with people in all parts of the country who mean business in building a real party and the progress achieved in a better understanding of modern Socialism. Here the bitter Communist attacks on Socialism were helpful.

The editor of *The Nation* to the contrary notwithstanding, intelligent

Americans of the sort who can build any party at all no longer confuse Socialism with Bolshevism or Anarchy. It is remarkable that not one trace of that confusion crept into ten thousand or more newspaper clippings that our publicity bureau handled. There is, indeed, an immense work still to be done in explaining Socialism in America; whether the party of the future will be called Socialist or not is for the future to decide. Socialists will not fight merely for a name. But the plain fact is that in the 1928 campaign the only well thought out progressive opposition to the Republican party came from the Socialists, and the Socialist party today is the only national body possessing a philosophy, a programme and even a rudimentary organization for the expression of progressive policies through political action.

I BEGIN with philosophy, precisely because this need is commonly overlooked or slighted. No new party will win its way to power without a philosophy, simply on a bill of grievances, any more than the Colonists would have won their independence from England on the basis of their bill of grievances without the philosophy of the Declaration of Independence. By a philosophy I do not mean a narrow and dogmatic creed which every member must accept. I mean a system of economic and political ideas based on the interests of the producing masses, both as workers and consumers, in opposition to the philosophy of property and profit now generally current. The great days of Hamilton and Jefferson were days when parties had their origin in contrasting philosophies resting on the contrasting interests of

a rising mercantile and industrial class and the agrarians. Conceivably a "paramount issue," such as the extension of slavery before the Civil War, might take the place of this philosophy in forming our new party. But there is not now in sight such a single "paramount issue". Our generation is concerned with the management of our intricate machinery, so that it will bring forth the equitably distributed plenty we have a right to expect and are denied, the freedom that is mocked under our economic autocracy, and the peace that is menaced by imperialist rivalries. Our first venture must be a venture in understanding.

THE trouble in America is not that we have no economic and political philosophy; it is that that philosophy is tragically mistaken or inadequate. After all, Herbert Hoover expresses the philosophy of life that the majority of Americans, including its victims, have been persuaded to accept. Mr. Hoover calls that philosophy "rugged individualism" in contradistinction to a Socialism which he fears without fully understanding. "Rugged individualism" is a curious phrase for a system which produces in quantities our economic dynasties, real estate and stock market speculation, yes-men, human televoxes, robots and Babbitts. A more accurate description of the Hoover philosophy is found in the advertising slogan: Milk from contented cows.

Of course the truth is that the type of rugged individualism for which Mr. Hoover and most of his fellow citizens yearn or think they yearn is as dead as Adam Smith; or, better, as dead as the period of the pioneers who settled this continent. Our economic dynasties

are already established. Government is already in business by its systems of education, highways, water supplies, its regulatory control over public utilities, its power to make or break by taxes and tariffs. Collectivism is increasingly the dominant fact in industry, the irresponsible Collectivism of absentee stock holders. Every year adds force to Thorstein Veblen's observation that the real social revolution will come when engineers work for society as they now work for absentee owners.

UNDER Mr. Hoover's curiously misnamed system, real liberty for the average individual becomes less and less. Nor is the poor man compensated by the full dinner pail *plus* the full garage. Last year added 52 to the number of those reporting incomes in excess of \$1,000,000. Two hundred and eighty-three men and women now enjoy this incredible fortune and the power that goes with it. Each year they receive the equivalent of the earnings of 1,000 of their fellow citizens, who average \$1,280 wages, according to Mr. Hoover's own estimate. The claim on our natural resources and the labor of others which is the principal source of this wealth they can pass on to their descendants, regardless of fitness. And these mountain peaks of luxury and power do not rise from plains of general well being. The United States, which has no external excuse for poverty, sees every year unmoved a standing army of millions of the unemployed and a condition of poverty which compels one-third of its people 65 years and over to eat the bitter bread of charity.

The simple truth is that we can have neither freedom nor plenty,

neither true democracy nor true brotherhood, while property for power, the private ownership of land, natural resources and great aggregations of machinery, which are the gift of nature or the fruit of man's collective toil, belong to private individuals and are managed for profit. We may be citizens of the State; we are subjects of economic dynasties. It is an impossible dualism. We shall either progressively democratize our economic life or lose the political democracy we think we have. A new political party is vitally concerned in this task.

It is no less vitally concerned with preserving peace menaced by the rivalries of competing Imperialisms, born of the union of Capitalism and Nationalism. Nothing was so disquieting in the last campaign as the failure of both old parties to discuss the basis of permanent peace. It was not for lack of good intentions or love of war. It was by reason of their steadfast refusal to consider that philosophy and practise of coöperation carried even into international relations which is the only sure basis of peace.

Now it is with this problem of human coöperation in toil of hand and brain that Socialism is concerned. A new party need not worry over much about Marxian orthodoxy; it should talk the American language; but it cannot get far without tackling this philosophy of coöperation in an age of machinery. Only from such a fundamental approach will men acquire the vision before the eyes, the hope in the heart, the iron in the blood, which are essential to the slow, hard task of building an effective party. The appeal to a vague discontent or an ill-

defined Liberalism has not, will not, and cannot get us far in this dangerous age, when our social thinking and social machinery lag so far behind our skill in mechanical production—and war time destruction.

IT REQUIRES less argument to make the case for a practical programme. That programme American Socialists are framing in the light of a basic philosophy. Of course we moderns must keep our complicated machinery going. We cannot stop the watch while we rebuild the works. We must translate dreams into actualities. Therefore the Socialist emphasizes a programme of foreign relations whereby we may avert particular wars while we seek to change the system that is the mother of war. The party is concerned with the increase — not merely the maintenance — of civil and industrial liberties; with a programme for social insurance and the relief of unemployment; with the use of taxation and nationalization to supplant economic dynasties by genuine democracy. Socialists even in America have gone further along these lines than is generally assumed. Nevertheless there is an immense and absorbingly interesting work to be done along all of these lines, especially in deciding where to begin the nationalizing process, how to acquire our natural monopolies, and how to administer them efficiently and democratically with due regard for both consumers and producers. Because the State as agent for society holds title to natural resources and to certain industries and public utilities, it does not have to administer them politically or clothe its enterprises with the kind of metaphysical sanctions with which it sur-

rounds its own sovereignty. Already in our school systems, our administration of highways, the work of the Federal Bureau of Standards, and of our various State, municipal and Federal authorities, like the Port Authority of New York, Americans are learning something of the secret of efficient public administration for the use of the people.

BUT in building a party nothing will avail without organization. Here the Socialist party is weakest and knows it. Here unorganized Progressivism wholly breaks down. Organization is an all year round job. Engines cannot be run by the occasional heat of campaign bonfires. Organization means knowing people where they live. It means planning on a national scale with careful thought for right relations with labor unions, farmers' societies and coöperatives. It means picking strategic places for local campaigns. It means a great deal of rather monotonous, boring work. All sorts of people with all sorts of abilities can be used in this work of organization. But leadership in such work, even locally, requires rare gifts. And it is lack of this local leadership throughout the country which is the chief handicap of the Socialist party. I am convinced that with the right men and women and a comparatively small sum of money a strong Socialist party can rapidly be built in scores of cities and

towns which I could name. Compared with this need of organizing work, questions of name, etc., become of secondary importance. Rival organization of the two old parties without principles or issues between them may keep them going until a crisis appears — and a satisfactory new party cannot be built in a crisis — unless this problem of organization of a party with a programme can be met.

SO I CLOSE with an almost evangelical call to men and women not to await events but to help shape events. Such fervor may seem out of place in the columns of one of our most respectable magazines in an age of robust Menckanism and tired Radicalism. It arises from my belief that we have no time to waste. The peace of the world depends far less on pious resolutions than on the effort of political parties in different countries to break down Imperialism and Militarism, bridge the gulf of Nationalism, and curb the wastes of our profit system. In this rebuilding of our civilization no political party, however strong its fellowship with similar parties in other lands, is of itself sufficient. We need more than politics. But if political action is utterly useless, what instruments shall we use to avert the war and destruction inherent in our blundering attempts to manage the age of chemistry, physics and mechanical power under the law of the jungle?

Muck and Lilies

BY CHARLES E. RAYNAL

A deft debunking of the debunkers and a demonstration that there really are, after all, lots of clean, respectable and intelligent people in the land

HAS the Realist attained Realism when he has photographed life's filth? Is the world all muck? Or is it all lilies and immaculate perfection? Blougram to Gigadibs used the figure of the chessboard. Is it black, or is it white? The Bishop was neither an optimist nor a pessimist. He was a Broad Church gentleman. Gigadibs, as a newspaper controversialist, was all for the horns of the dilemma and a verdict of black or white. Blougram, having proved that it might be both, swept his own chessboard argument aside to show that life is neither black nor white, but all the colors of the rainbow.

In our present state of sophistication, the Idealist does not figure except as the dodo and entirely extinct. But these busy historians of the very modern school, who have been so earnestly at work correcting misapprehensions, seem greatly disturbed because the Idealist, before passing to his fossil estate, started some reputations down to us all lily white and shining. This is not life, they say, nor truth. The whole business was rooted in muck. Your hero was really something of a cad, and your saint

quite a dirty little devil. George Washington drank deep, played late at cards for keeps, and swore awful. And what Saint Anthony was in the habit of thinking about when he tried to say his prayers would shock the movies.

AS A contribution to history, this work of debunking the heroes may have some recondite value. These facts may be facts and not fictions. But once having caught the notion that men are men and not angels, the whole business becomes deadly tiresome and dull. Creatures of the dust men undoubtedly are. Science and Genesis as well as history are agreed on that point. But any possible interest that the story may have from that fact forward must be found in what got mixed with the dust. Something of the sea and the sky was very literally mingled with earth when life was breathed into the pitiful clay.

But this everlasting insistence on muck is not only dull but stale. After witnessing two or three performances in which the hero is debunked according to the accepted modern method, we remember that we have

seen the show before. The only essential difference is not in fact but proportion. What the old historian put into a footnote or subordinated to some interesting or useful end, the debunker makes into a book. The assumption is that all this muck is new. But where does he get the very material he so proudly parades? Old Buckle's footnotes alone would not only supply extended employment to a syndicate of debunkers, but add greatly to their sprightliness as well. Pepys told pretty much all he knew about himself, and Hume recorded all he heard reported about the saints. The French were rarely guilty of inhibitions, and the Latins were not squeamish. Plutarch, on occasion, was capable of becoming positively lively, and some of his yarns would make a flapper squirm. And yet their material of history does not have the flavor of a Freudian study in abnormal sex experience, nor is their interest centered in the psychology of morons.

WHEN Carlyle is done with Fred-
erick and Cromwell, there is not much left for the most assiduous detractor, and when he has told David's story, or that of Bobbie Burns, we know the worst. But, unlike the moderns, he does not imagine muck to be a merchandise of great price, nor does he conceive his office as a man of letters, his subject, or his audience in such terms that casting pearls is precluded by the mandates of his art. He makes acknowledgment of "sins enough," "blackest crimes," "no want of sins," in the history of his heroes and the world. But, having done this, he moves on. That remark of his on the diameter of planets, the breadth of the solar system, and the orbit of

the world, restores the sense of proportion. He is concerned with the muck, not as an end in itself, but as a slough through which his hero wins to victory and even purity at last. For the inward secret of a life is found, not in the muck, but in the truly astonishing struggle against muck. "That this struggle be a true unconquerable one — that is the question of questions."

Considering how full of human frailty, even to redundancy, all recorded history is, from Moses to H. G. Wells, we are compelled to the conclusion that the debunker's only originality in this matter of muck is his joy in discovering it. And this is strange, too, for the moderns have reduced all sin to a non-moral and almost to a non-existent thing, and it is only when found mixed with good that it becomes in any way reprehensible. But finding

Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
Inflate themselves with some insane delight
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes and see
Her God-like head, crowned with spiritual fire,
And touching other worlds.

TO WHAT extent this kind of literature owes its vogue to the remarkable popular interest in abnormal psychology may be a matter of doubt. Both may be independent products of the spirit of the age. But that neither covers the entire field of life or represents the age spirit as a whole is certain. Even preoccupation with the abnormal cannot be taken as a denial of the existence of a sound mind, and the devil-possessed and dirty do not constitute the total population.

After all, it is the rest of the popula-

tion, not the abnormal, bedeviled and defiled, that give significance to life. Now, as in all preceding ages, there is a decent, reasonably intelligent, fairly well washed, not altogether savage middle class that do the work, carry the burdens, uphold necessary laws, support the Government, respect themselves, and revere the Lord. These have little to do, pragmatically or subconsciously, with complexes and libidos, and their opinions about adultery were not formed from abnormal inhibitions induced by infantile suppressions. The final evidence that the world is rather decent is the fact that we are alive in it. A population preponderantly subwitted, super-sexed and hyper-egoed could raise hob. The majority, it must be remembered, can not only outvote the minority; it can abolish the minority.

CONTRARY also to a lately manufactured notion, this average decent man is neither despicable nor uninteresting. He does not necessarily live on Main Street and his name is not Babbitt. His share of the world's work is the material on which Wall Street operates, and his son's mail, if not his own, may be delivered on Fifth Avenue. Invention, science, literature, art and progress know his name and number, for genius quite often derives from the average. It was so with Homer, Socrates, Rembrandt, Shakespeare, and Henry Ford. And for all that appears to the contrary, this decent average man may have produced even the debunkers. Scientifically, the "sport" from a good stock has never been fully explained.

The exceptional is, of course, more interesting than the average, and it

is even true that the average gains its significance from the exceptional. But it is the exceptional in courage, faith and honor, not the exceptional in muck. And it is just here that the age spirit is to be discovered and just here that our permanent literature will find its inspiration. What on earth has literature to do with all this tattle about tarnished reputations in a world full of untarnished glory? Just look about a little! Science is opening out into all sorts of undreamed-of adventure; chemistry has become a romance; invention is turning time, space and power into human freedom; medicine is winning mastery over the old bedevilements of the flesh; archæology is revealing a culture old to the race four thousand years before the debunker appeared on the scene; and art, literature and music in spite of jazz, junk and Epstein are not dead. Lord, if a man just had time, could afford the books, did not have to sleep, and could stand the strain of the joy and wonder of it, what a time he could have! They are even going to have to invent a new name for botany, for that science no longer is indicated as peculiar to the curriculum for girls' schools, nor can it be classed with freehand drawing and simplified spelling as a course for football stars.

SOMEONE has suggested that the debunkers, having debunked everything else in the universe, will have to debunk themselves. But there is nothing in that, for the very sufficient reason that the material is too thin. The movement to examine their results, however, has already gotten under way. A notable scientist has done this service for Freud, and de-

clares that he may be a literary man, but his methods and materials show that he cannot be called a scientist. H. G. Wells has been examined by several literary alienists with varying results, but the general impression seems to be that he may be writing science, but it certainly is not art. No one has classified Shaw as yet, but "Most vegetarians I ever see," says Mr. Dooley, "looked enough like their food to be classed as cannybals."

ONE of the straws that show which way the tide is settling is a book on the Victorian Age. For several decades now the final reprobation of a thing has been to call it Mid-Victorian. But this Englishman, sick of the whole debunking gentry and casting about for an extreme case with which to refute all their methods and materials, boldly declares that with Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle and Gladstone as only a few of the Victorians that the debunker has not the mental capacity even to understand, he will have to confine himself to smart little comments on art and decoration to retain his present monopoly on scorn.

We impute ourselves, says Emerson, and we inevitably discover muck, lilies, or the rainbow, according to our nature and disposition. But this is not all. There is an objective reality as well as a subjective perception of it, and this objective reality holds truth, purity and beauty as well as muck. The objective reality is as wide and varied as the universe and the range of interest just short of infinite. "I accept the universe," announced the female philosopher; and old Carlyle grunted: "Gad, she'd better." Sane people have to accept the universe. A one-notioned mind is possible only to a maniac.

EACH to his choice, of course, and *de gustibus non disputandum*. We should be tolerant and not unduly prejudiced. When Gryll was wistful for the sty, the steadfast Odysseus and all his brave companions let him return. Circe, the compassionate, opened the gate to him. "Let Gryll be Gryll," they said, "and have his swinish mind." But they went on to new adventures in the wide and beautiful world.



“Anything but Religion”

BY ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH

The original crusader against Fundamentalism asks what is wrong with the modern Sunday School and finds it ignores both God and the human soul

A SPIRITUAL perplexity, which some persons would call a disaster if they knew the truth about it, has occurred in the Christian religion and its baneful effect has filtered into the Sunday School. Our children, without knowing it, suffer most for the offending. Parents with a glimmer of intelligence about their responsibility perceive something wrong, but they only express their impatience and concern, and ask rather vaguely what it all means. Nobody tells them. For one reason or another, those who are able by training and experience to inform all of us about this extraordinary condition seem unwilling to do so. Is it for fear that it might injure the institution, their church? Or do they shudder at the prospect of irreligion sweeping over the land? It is even hinted that rigid dogmatists in this matter would dislodge those who might enlighten us, for organized religion is still rough with heretics.

In any case, the trouble is real and it goes to the roots. Here and there a father stands up and protests, but, if he is a layman, the subject is probably over his head, and so he rarely

gets anything out of his zeal but a fitful fever. Even the expert in religious education is hardly capable of telling the story as it ought to be told, and it may be temerarious of me, a mere editor, to essay the task. I make no pretensions. All of us in this craft of ours admit, when we are charged with lack of knowledge, that we may not know anything, but it *is* our business to know everybody who knows everything. My daily duty takes me among church workers. They are modest and unsure. In religious education they shake their heads and admit it is all experimental. But then everything in life is experimental, and they are not different from the rest of us. I launch into the middle of the business without formal beginning, for, like the typical speech of a certain preëminent statesman of our day, I may start almost anywhere and go in either direction and it will be all the same.

I HAVE borrowed the title for this article from a letter. A commanding personality wrote to me recently about his children. He rounded out a warm paragraph with a veracious list of the various trivial things that the

boys and girls *do* get in their so-called religious education, and ended his blast on this minor chord: "They can learn anything but religion in the Sunday School." This man is a layman; and lest we first discount and then dismiss him because he is a layman, let me say that in the very next mail I found the following, from a brilliant Rabbi, who, on this subject, speaks in the same tongue as that of any modern Christian minister. "Our religious education," said Rabbi William H. Fineshriber, "consists of desultory memorizing of Scriptural passages, scant knowledge of Biblical and post-Biblical history, fragmentary discussion of contemporaneous happenings (the football scores of the previous day), singing more or less traditional chants, and a medley of dramatics and sermonettes." Temporary exposure in the school to such things will foster, we fondly hope, as by a miracle, "the latent religious spirit" in the children. They will be educated in religion! People who believe thus naïvely "construe religion as a complex of vague albeit powerful emotions and traditions, evoked by words and music, moonlit nights, Grand Canyons, tumultuous seas, pomp and pageantry, incense, and memories."

BUT religion, while it may be induced by all of these things, is also a definite teachable way of life and of living, and the elder tradition, unlike our own, so filled the instruction with the spirit of holiness and dedication that, whatever their church or faith, these children were able to make some intelligent answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?"

Our rabbinical neighbor comes

straight to the one essential in all true religion that has been virtually destroyed. He asks, "Do we need a new God-concept, framed in conformity with our new knowledge?" That is exactly what we do need, what we must be bound up to, if religion, the thing itself, is to displace the present hodge-podge of softness and sentimentality which is the curse of our Sunday Schools. I am not making a plea for any particular variety of God-concept. My point is simple, and I believe unassailable: We must have some central and ultimate foundation, call it Person or call it Principle, and to this we must adhere for the discipline of our children as they learn "a sense of values that leads them to the Eternal and the Infinite."

IT is a sinister and subtle fact that there has been a loosening of this idea until even notable men among us, it seems to me, have slipped into the error that something else is religion which is nothing of the kind. For example, Dr. L. P. Jacks approves the reply a schoolmaster made to one who asked how they taught religion in his school. "We teach religion all day long," he answered. "We teach it in arithmetic, by accuracy. We teach it in language, by learning to say what we mean — 'Yea, yea, and nay, nay.' We teach it in history, by humanity. We teach it in geography, by breadth of mind. We teach it in handicraft, by thoroughness. We teach it in astronomy, by reverence. We teach it in the playground, by fair play. We teach it by kindness to animals, by courtesy to servants, by good manners to one another, and truthfulness in all things. We teach it by showing the children that we,

their elders, are their friends and not their enemies. We teach them to build the Church of Christ out of the actual relations in which they stand to their teachers and their school fellows, because we believe that unless they learn to build it where they are, they will not learn to build it afterward anywhere else!"

All that is beautiful, eloquent, and moving, but it is not religion, and it never built any churches. It is the fruit of religion, a very different thing. It is ethics and social relations. Undoubtedly such excellent results as these of the school boys are a stimulating example to the religious life, and in so far are to be called religious. But there is no spiritual motivation of a religious nature in the whole array of this schoolmaster. He never touches top or bottom. No man ever learned real religion out of our "actual relations" here with his fellows, but only out of the ideal aspirations which are not of this world, those things which cause him to strive for perfection.

PROF. Francis G. Peabody once said, in speaking of religion and morality, that morality is man trying to find his place in the social order—that is, man adapting himself to the needs of his fellow men as they are grouped together. Religion is man trying to find his place in the universal order. It is mankind trying, in the words of E. Stanton Hodgkin, "to adapt itself to the calls of the universal life". It may be that for some the moral life, and thus the moral discipline, is enough. It seems to satisfy. What is said here is not finding fault with the teaching of morality in the Sunday school, but the insistence that such instruction and example must not

be called religious. They are limited and mundane, codes of conduct and custom, while religion reaches out for the infinitudes of the spirit, which may seem sheer moonshine to an earth-bound person, though even he has moments of transport and vision which are the common experience of mystical natures and the intelligible reality of the average man or child.

This religious *quantum* has shriveled and shrunk in the churches, until it is simple truth that the child of today in perhaps most schools is taught almost nothing about it and is a beggarly little atheist. His life has no center. It is all circumference. Instead of teaching him elemental ideas of the source, the soul, and the destiny of life, his Sunday School leader and his pastor tell him how foolish it is to think on religious doctrines that may be different from those of his neighbor. Just be kind, is the counsel; which forgets that even a cow is kind. The emphasis is away from the heart of religion to hands clasped in meaningless fellowship and feet pattering to multiple committee meetings. A boy who grows up in Sunday School today will some day be a good luncheon-club booster, and his sister may achieve a place on a programme committee of the Women's Club. But they will not be religious in any worthy sense.

How have we got this way? About forty years ago we were going along very well. Doctrines were accepted without question, and there were a dignity and order in religion. A studious Sunday School pupil learned something. About the year 1890 certain preachers of a daring nature began to take account of Charles Darwin's doctrine of evolution. That

was the beginning of our undoing, our present low estate. Man's special creation was one of the primary assumptions of all the churches, Catholic and Protestant, up to that time. In it the fall of man explained the origin of sin, and a theory of the propagation of sin, reared fifteen hundred years ago by Augustine on the basis of the fall, was accepted by virtually the whole of Christendom. The scheme of salvation was by Christ's blood. Darwin, therefore, destroyed that whole theological system. He was responsible for blasting away the foundations of the Sunday School because not one of the great denominations has worked out a new system of beliefs in harmony with the new knowledge, and the old doctrines have lost all their meaning for our day. This assertion sweeps to the farthest horizon. I do not know anyone qualified to speak for the Methodist, Congregationalist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Lutheran or any other orthodox church who would say that in their Sunday School lessons they are teaching religious truths consonant with the learning and experience of modern life.

BISHOP Barnes of Birmingham a year ago tried to lead the Church of England into the broad new way in the interest of boys and girls, but he was silenced and rebuked by his Archbishop when he declared, "Man is not a being who has fallen from an ideal state of perfect innocence," as the historic Christian doctrine teaches. "Man is an animal slowly gaining spiritual understanding," he said, "and with the gain, rising far above his distant ancestors." Hosts of intelligent churchmen agree with the Bishop, and they follow through with

him when he says: "It is quite impossible to harmonize this conclusion of scientific inquiry (about man's ascent) with the traditional theology of any branch of the Christian Church."

With the spread of scientific knowledge throughout the civilized world, so that it became an element in our beings like the air we breathe, whether we knew it or not, the churches found it increasingly difficult to teach their ancient dogmas, majestic and comprehensive as they were, and God-centered. Instead they have been obliged to turn their instruction into channels of a distinctly non-religious nature. The domain of religious education, as we know it in this country, at least, has been preëmpted by the psychologists. The theologians are in the way of being routed. One arises occasionally to lament and plead, but it seems a lost cause. The warfare between the usurping religious education forces and the old classicist metaphysicians of our Christian America may be a silent conflict, but it is deadly, as it is also tremendously significant. Every divinity school knows it. Theology is going to the wall through sheer fearsomeness of doing any pioneer thinking lest it shake up the churches with heresy trials. Meanwhile the batteries of the educationists fire away and leave only a vestige standing of what was once regarded as religion,—and what many are sure is still religion. All of this, remember, bears down on the Sunday School.

ONE who checks up the voluminous literary output on religious education feels that it is not much more than psychology thinly sugared with sanctimoniousness. Religion does not get

into the vitals of this new science. There is only casual accommodation to spiritual concern, sometimes in mere pious words without germane pertinence. The major interest in this new education is not God, but human nature. Group habits, folkways, social ideals — these all melted into one, we are told, make religion. Who is God? "God is the ideal person," says Prof. Theodore G. Soares, "whose conduct is all that is good and who summons us to moral endeavor. He is the imaginary person, not as unreal, but as the construct of our imaging ability." Professor Soares admits that "psychologists would tell us that gods are indeed the product of this imaging ability, that men make gods to suit their needs. *But it is open to religious faith to believe that God is in us, making Himself through us to suit our needs.*" (Italics mine.) Dr. Soares proceeds: "The Ideal Person is a member, the greatest member, of the group. His approval is infinitely valuable. Ordinarily that approval is coincident with the approval of the group; but in the case of the man of ideals, the prophet, the religious genius, there is developed a sense of right, different from that of the group, which is conceived to be the will of God, and then the approval of God outweighs all others."

THAT amazing doctrine comes not from a Radical but from a Moderate in religious education, whose reputation is high and wide. Plainly, the God-concept here is not equal to humanism. There is more of it. We are told of people who are not in the church but who have social ideals. "It would be absurd to say to them that they cannot socialize their chil-

dren unless they give them concepts of God and Providence and unless they give them habits of prayer and worship. They will have their own habits of group expression and their own technique for emotionalizing their social enterprises. That they are not conducting church education does not mean that they are separated from religious education." Religion is plainly a body of group habits. God is gone, in the sense we believed when we were in Sunday School.

One need not find fault with Professor Soares, but there is ground for resentment that the theologians do not have the capacity and courage to carry out the findings of psychology to their proper field of religious doctrine. Suppose a few of them were thrown out of their jobs. What of it? The psychologist is not a theologian any more than a chemist is, and in many an instance he takes on religious coloration because he works under churchly auspices and must be outwardly regular in what he says. But he cannot teach religion.

THERE are Christians of a Modernist mind who, it seems, have given up the serious concern about the idea of God in Sunday School, and, in the words of Harry Emerson Fosdick, say, "We must take Jesus in earnest." This is almost tragic, because here again we face collapse, if our leaders would tell us the truth. Jesus, as we once knew him in Sunday School, is a wraith. The second Person in the Trinity has been eliminated from the first place in Christendom. Once He was unique among mankind. Psychology, the comparative study of other world religions, wider experience with peoples of once strange nations

and races, spiritual literature of saints and seers other than Christian heroes, all these have finished the idea that this religion of ours is a peculiar and final expression of the questing of the human soul for the Eternal Goodness. When Mohammedans gathered with representatives of thirty other great religions of the world, at Geneva, Switzerland, in August of 1928, to discuss peace, Christians from America heard that this supposedly warring and sanguinary faith of the Near East was as profoundly committed to peaceful means and measures as the followers of "the lowly Nazarene". Christians were told that on a basis of wars perpetrated and numbers killed in battle, they themselves have by far the highest war record of all the followers of religion on God's earth!

WHERE, then, do we get our warrant for the revelation and perfection of the religion of Jesus? I repeat what Christian leaders are asking. The truth in their inquiry has flown ahead of them, as truth always does, and the place where this devastating doubt has been felt most seriously is the Sunday School. The ancient note of authority is gone. The ministers speak hollow words on once great dogmas. This is the opinion not of radical and irreligious persons; it is a plain report of a state of mind wherever Christians know and think. Dwight Bradley, a Congregationalist minister trained in orthodox beliefs, is only one of a cloud of witnesses, all modern and respected leaders, who raise the astonishing question, "Do we want an historical Jesus?" They answer, No! The Jesus we read about in biographies, especially the contemporary ones, is "largely mythical hero",

says Mr. Bradley; and he cites a dozen examples, ranging from Bouck White's *The Call of the Carpenter*, to Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows*, to Ludwig's *The Son of Man*, to Papini's *Life of Christ*, all of which are in hearty disagreement. "If Papini has sized Jesus up correctly, then Barton — to use a bit of Bartonesque vernacular — is 'all wet'". One writes him down a Socialist, another a super-Rotarian, a third the summation of ecstasy. The Radical makes Jesus a Radical, the fanatic makes him a fanatic. All conceive him in their own image.

Such subjective presentments are worthless and, for one seeking religious verity, confounding. That is why many Sunday Schools give nothing of value to the children about Jesus. They know nothing about Him. Not even the Bible helps as it should, for all the claims that are made for it. Mr. Bradley repeats what Biblical exegetes told us thirty years ago: "If Jesus was such a man as the author of the Fourth Gospel reported Him to have been, He could not have been the kind of man the Synoptic Gospels tell us about." An historical approach to Jesus is an insuperable difficulty. The loss to Sunday Schools is incalculable, but not irretrievable.

WHEN we pass to the actual Bible teachings of Jesus, the problem throws us pitifully on the mercy of truth. Take marriage, for one example. Bishop Doane once said the Scripture recognizes only adultery as a ground for divorce, and as for himself he believed only death should sunder man and wife. Here is a doubly interesting case, as Prof. W. G. Ballantine has said. Matthew does teach divorce for

adultery, Mark and Luke allow it not at all. Now Bishop Doane, unsatisfied in the circumstances, takes his position and becomes not only a higher critic; *he judges for himself*. The Bible and the teaching of Jesus as given are not infallible, for him. Pacifists think Jesus is on their side, yet He is for both peace and war, according to the Gospel, for in one place He says, "They who take the sword will perish by sword," and in another place, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." What are children going to do about it? When we are told by Jesus that one must hate his father and his mother and other members of the family, for His sake, the word in the Greek is "hate" and not something else. Professor Ballantine, who taught Greek for years in the International Y. M. C. A. College and is the translator of the Riverside New Testament, makes that clear. In temptation, Jesus teaches, "If your right eye is a snare to you, pluck it out." No one of sense would destroy his sight, but would find another way to purity. Again it is written by Jesus that we are not to resist a wicked man, but we are to turn the other cheek, and if one sues us for our tunic, we must let him have our cloak also. This means "actual coöperation with our enemies." We are to make it easy for one to double his injury to us. It is wrong.

THESE citations are enough, though there are scores of others, which make great difficulties. Even when allowance is made for faulty records, figurative language, Oriental hyperbole, and illustrations unfamiliar to our time, the stubborn fact remains that no more than Bishop Doane did in the matter of divorce does any one

of us accept the literal teaching of of Jesus if it does not suit us, but we use our own common sense. That is the simple truth, and it always has been. People have chosen what they wanted in the Bible, and have put their own meaning into it.

Liberal minded Christians do not hesitate to say that the way to regard Jesus is in the light of our own understanding and spirituality. They would say that Jesus adjusted His teaching to his times, and we are like Him when we do the same thing for ourselves. But that of course makes a tremendous overturning of what we have conceived to be the duty of the Sunday School. To use our best judgment under existing conditions involves a kind of readjustment that causes us to depart from Him and be masters of our own lives. That is what some teachers are undertaking.

THE center has moved from the Bible to the child. All teaching is conditioned by the nature of the unfolding mind and soul. The child must find religion not in remote ages; he must see it "in the eyes and hear it on the tongues of those right about him, whom he admires most and trusts most completely". Beginning with examples at hand, he learns the religious meaning of the heroic lives and great events of our own time. Such men are much nearer than many Biblical characters. As religion the Bible is outmoded. Let us see how Professor William Lyon Phelps makes use of the Book. As a little boy he used to draw pictures to illustrate the Bible. He came to that passage in Romans which says "the whole creation groaneth". At that time he knew nothing of spiritual suffering, and

supposed people groaned only when there was something the matter with them. "Like all small boys", he says, "I had eaten many green apples, sometimes with disastrous results. My conception of this passage was not without a certain vast grandeur. I literally supposed that once upon a time every living person in the world had indigestion at the same moment; hence universal compulsory groaning. I therefore drew a picture of a large number of people standing in a circle, each in an attitude of anguish: and under it I wrote 'THE WHOLE CREATION GROANETH.'" William's mother paid "the tribute of reverent silence" to this art and told him he had made an original contribution to New Testament interpretation. No one had ever thought of it. Years later he considered his exegesis absurd, until by chance he told the story to President Hadley of Yale. Mr. Hadley immediately said that Mr. Phelps was correct for, after all, from the orthodox point of view, "*it was* the unauthorized eating of apples that made the whole creation groan".

THAT is a capital story. It makes a laugh. It is the sort of thing that untrained teachers delight to tell their children, because it will win their attention and interest. But do such things teach religion? The Bible has an archaic, venerable remoteness from the life that now is, which nobody in his right senses will deny. True religious education has to do with a kind of immediate knowledge.

Religion for man or child must never be a borrowed thing. When teachers say their pupils must have the spirit of Jesus and know His teaching, "must take Him in earnest," we ask,

What is that spirit, that teaching? At last, it is not an historic thing in a book or a person of long, long ago. It is our own hard-won teaching, and our own spirit. It is the only kind of religion that works and saves. It must be original, because each child is original. Already there are a few pioneers who know this truth and do it. *Nothing but religion is in their Sunday Schools.*

WHEN the child goes to Sunday School, let them to whom he is committed for an hour understand that this little one is a living soul and the object is, in Paul's word, to make him a quickening spirit. Broadly speaking, the child will unfold mentally in one of two ways. Either he will see, as a potential mystic, the distant Perfection, or, as a budding scientist, — a lover of fact, — he will believe and avail himself of what he knows. A wise teacher of our own time, E. Stanton Hodgkin, has drawn the distinction:

"One says: 'Here is a road that leads to the sun and I will follow it to the sun.' The other says: 'Here is a road that is bathed in the sunlight; I will follow it as far as I can.' One is fascinated by what he believes to lie at the end of the journey; the other is fascinated by the wonderful revelations and opportunities that are revealed by the way all the time."

What a glorious opportunity the Sunday School has with the "candidates for humanity"! Wherever humanity has been magnificent it has been religious, and organized religion must offer those things that will in no wise offend these little ones, but fulfill their proper heritage — "the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Thank God I'm Forty!

BY JOAN HAMPTON

Single blessedness and the apartment hotel have opened a new heaven and a new earth for the modern business woman of middle years

THE title to this *Te Deum* is borrowed (without permission) from a friend who uttered it recently in my presence. Because it crystallized thoughts and observations which had been gathering for some time in my own mind, I appropriated it. Never say anything pungent in the hearing of a literary person, if you want to keep the expression for your own.

It might naturally be supposed that the speaker was a man. Not so, Dr. Watson; she was a woman. More than that, she was a "womanly" woman.

As another of her kind, I join her in the proclamation that today a new heaven and a new earth have opened for the young-middle-aged woman if she is (1) a dweller in a large American city, (2) economically independent, and (3) matrimonially unattached. Moreover, I assert that the streets of this heaven are of a brighter gold and the earth pastures a greener green than those inhabited by her younger sisters.

It is true that many women, when registering, still give their ages as "twenty-one plus", but in so doing

they are prompted by a vestigial instinct of self-preservation which, like the dislike which some people have of sitting with their backs to a door, is losing its relation to present day facts.

IN REALITY, the middle-aged woman today has many advantages over her younger sisters, providing she comes under the three classifications mentioned above. Practically all young girls and most married women will disagree with this statement, the first because their vision is limited by their incomplete experience, and the second because they must stand by their judgment in choosing early marriage as the road to happiness; to do so is part of what psychologists call their "defense mechanism". (The middle-aged single woman, by the way, owes a great debt to psychology. It has given her more epithets to hurl at her sisters, and more interesting complexes, than it has bestowed on any other group. It has drawn her from the drab and colorless position that she used to occupy at the back of the stage and draped her in a colorful garment of Father Fixations, Sex

Sublimations, Suppressed Desires, Infantile Obsessions and Wish Fulfillment Dreams. It has raised her from a negation to an enigma.)

The matron and the young girl still hold the winning hands in small cities and suburban localities, where the pleasure chase is all in pairs, and the older single woman is as superfluous as the joker in a bridge game. The occasional bachelor — and he is very occasional — who inhabits these latter outposts of civilization, seeks his main diversions in the Big Top. Even in those happy hunting grounds where bachelors and widowers are plentiful, so also is gossip, and a man must watch his step if he does not wish a comradely friendship to be labelled “Object, matrimony”.

BUT oh, my sisters, how different it is in the big city! Here, in Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston and New York, — most especially New York, — here is your paradise!

By actual statistics, New York has a higher percentage of unencumbered men between the ages of 25 and 34 than any other place in the country, and I have not been bribed to say this by the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central. Curiosity prompted me to check up the statistics on what was at first just an impression, so I know. New York, and in a lesser degree the other large centres, are the modern El Dorados, whither flock the fortune-seeking males of today. More gold has been dug from the cañon of Wall Street than was ever wrested with pick and shovel from the richest vein in the Rockies. Young men no longer go West. California is no longer the place to make

money; it has become primarily a place to spend it, a haven where old men, their working days over, may sit in the sun and play checkers, with an occasional stimulating side glance at the hordes of movie queens (classified in the casting director's card catalogue as “elderly” if they are over twenty-one) who inhabit the vicinity.

NOT only are the single men hurrying to the big cities in spite of the blandishments of the Department of Agriculture, but, once there, they are continuing to be single men, and hence cavaliers for the unmarried women. The marriage rate in New York City has been steadily declining for the last seven years. Young men cannot afford to marry, and middle-aged men are too comfortable to marry. Concrete evidence of this may be seen in the recent amazing increase of apartment hotels, which are God's gift to the bachelor. In one downtown section of New York City, a section covering considerably less than four square blocks, there are seven apartment hotels, containing nearly a thousand apartments, most of them built within the last four years; two more big apartment hotels are under construction in this section, and the ground has been bought for a third. The nearest approach to an indication of family life in this neighborhood is the nightly eleven o'clock parade of the poodles, a feature which recently led one of the inhabitants to remark that walking the dog seemed to be the only use for husbands in this part of town.

As a method of living, the apartment hotel, with its maid and valet service, is the last word in comfort

for the single man and the unattached woman. From its special wall sockets for curling irons, to its electric refrigerators with their little cubes of ice ready at a moment's notice to cool cocktail or highball, it is a potent discourager of matrimony. It has loosened the hold of the sock-darning woman on helpless masculinity, and has given the business woman a chance to have a home, a job and perhaps an "affair", all at the same time, without much injury to any of the three.

Though not, as has been hinted, unless she happens to be young-middled-aged. Before she can enjoy the full flower of this latch-key freedom, she must be old enough to live alone without causing tremors of apprehension among all her relatives, and stimulating gossip among the scandal mongers. She must have learned the technique of "self expression" in its many phases and even, sometimes, how to make a "false step" with social aplomb. She must, in short, have that *savoir faire* which is gained only by maturity and experience, and which gives her command of almost any situation. (This cannot be learned from books. A few moments' thought will recall to the Gentle Reader's mind quite a number of situations whose proper handling has not been provided for by Emily Post!)

NOR is greater freedom the only advantage that this woman holds over her younger sisters. She has reached an age when she picks her pleasures with a more Epicurean palate, instead of drowning everything in the tabasco sauce of emotion. Though it is true that the older

unmarried woman does occasionally go off on an emotional tangent, I believe that she is less likely to do so than the average married woman of her age, especially if she has the restraining influence of a job.

We have deified emotion in this country. We have put it on a pedestal and worshipped it. Our captains of business send up incense and prayers to it. In its name we ask one another to buy perfumes and pianos, stocks and stockings, kiss-proof lipstick and mauve automobiles. First youth is a time when the reaction to almost every phase of life is emotional — and we are a youthful nation. In the national cacophony of jazz we cannot catch the subtle intellectualism of a Bach. Not until we reach that age when we can pull our emotions down from a gallop to a trot do we notice the inconspicuous, though none the less beautiful, flowers by the roadside.

TO BE able to do so is one of the joys of the middle-aged unattached woman. She can taste the savor of life in all its delicate gradations, unhampered by the sweet but terrible pressure of human ties — a privilege which used to be exclusively masculine. It may seem to many people a sterile privilege, but it is one for which philosophers have been willing to die, and one whose loss has stilled the songs of unnumbered poets.

Most important, perhaps, of all her advantages, is that the middle-aged single woman has come to the time when it is safe for her to admit the possession of brains. Very old and very young men still prefer their women young and dumb, but the middle-aged man of affairs, with

whom the business woman associates, is looking for mental as well as emotional stimulus. The successful executive has vindicated his good opinion of his own ability; he does not have to bolster it up, as does the younger man, by association with women who have, or pretend to have, inferior intellects. He has learned the fine art of friendship, and whether he plays the rôle of friend or lover, he is a far more interesting type of companion than those men whom the average young girl wins for her portion. The big cities have the largest proportion of bachelors who fit this description, and by the time the group has reached the age of forty or thereabouts, their ranks have been augmented by widowers, by the masculine halves of broken marriages, and — let us be honest — by the men who, after fifteen years or so of domesticity, are just beginning to wake up again and take notice. There is an increasing tendency, especially in big cities, for husbands and wives to take their diversions separately, a custom which does not necessarily weaken the bond between them, but may even strengthen it by giving it greater elasticity. This custom of course adds to the single woman's circle of masculine friends.

IT is a sordidly material point, but nevertheless worth mentioning in this symposium, that the masculine friends of the middle-aged woman usually have more money to spend than

the youngsters, and know how to spend it with more *finesse*. For though the young men flock to big cities by every train and motor highway, they do not, except in correspondence school advertisements, achieve instant fortunes. The average youth in New York and other big cities is more put to it to give his girl a good time than when he lived on the farm where there were no expensive restaurants nor fifteen-dollar theatre seats toward which she could cast longing eyes. Not until he reaches his forties, or thereabouts, can he hail a taxi as nonchalantly as he would light a cigarette.

AND if the middle-aged-single woman decides to forego all this freedom in favor of matrimony, what then are her chances of happiness compared with those she might have had if she had married earlier? Statistics, as far as a diligent search can reveal, have provided no answer to this question, so one opinion is as good as another, and it is the opinion of this commentator that her chances are excellent, though her happiness will take on, probably, a quieter flavor than the bittersweet of early wedded years. Nor is this meant as a plea for making late marriages universal. Such a custom would quickly depopulate the earth. It is, rather, a hymn to celebrate the passing of an old order and an old attitude of mind — the attitude which regarded the most private affairs of life as matters for public decision.

Games for the Gate's Sake

BY A FORMER COACH

An inside observer frankly challenges collegiate sport as an out-and-out commercial enterprise, employing star entertainers for financial ends

THERE are persons who believe the football season is over until next fall. They probably believe that a kindly stork delivers Freshman football material to the campus on or about September 5 of each and every year. And they don't realize that seven letter men from the squad will be graduated in 1930. Speaking as a practical football exponent, now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their college. The coach's football season really begins about the time that his team breaks training.

DEAR MUGGS:

In spite of everything, I know that in your heart you're still interested in the school and the team. It was, of course, just another one of those seasons, with an in-and-out combination that looked like world-beaters against . . . Univ. only to slump lower than a manhole for the homecoming game. I wish you'd had one chance to work with the material we misused this season.

Next year's Freshman prospects look even more disheartening. Nothing in the local schools except cheer leaders. We've got to find something for the Freshman team, because we'll lose all the present 'varsity squad in 1930.

You're saying to yourself, "Ha, ha, here's the catch!"

I wouldn't ask you to do anything for the college or the Alumni Assn. I know how you

feel about them. But will you do a favor for me, personally?

I hear there's a sweet schoolboy center playing on the Haven High team, up State. Will you go up, look him over and talk to him if he's right? I'm taking the liberty of enclosing a check to cover your time and expenses. Don't hesitate about using it, as I've charged it to "extension work".

The boy's name is Harrison and you have my permission to make any reasonable arrangement, if he's up to specifications. P.S. — Both . . . Univ. and . . . College are after him, I hear.

THAT is the reason why Thanksgiving Day found me on the Lincoln County fair grounds, watching Haven High School play Devon High. There were no seats. Some 800 spectators and 35 dogs stood about the sidelines. The admissions represented a record gate of \$312.50.

But I was there to watch "Butch" Harrison. I saw an awkward, 185-pound, 19-year old youth, who was scarcely noticed by the crowd. The townspeople and the dogs were all barking for a flashy running halfback who'd been burned out in "prep" school contests and couldn't make a college scrub eleven.

Harrison, whom they ignored,

showed the hall mark of a coming player. His very awkwardness was in his favor, as it showed his natural talent, undirected by coaching of any kind. He followed the ball like a greyhound. Through some curious twist that we call "football brains" he seemed to sense plays that took place behind his back. He didn't have his growth, either.

Harrison didn't mean a dollar to the management of the Haven High School Athletic Association. But I decided he was worth \$60,000, potentially, to any big college. I mean he could be built into a gate draw of \$20,000 a year for three years. The boy had the makings of a star. All he needed, it seemed to me, was experience, much coaching and the proper exploitation.

I UNDERSTAND that some will object to my use of the word "exploitation". It doesn't sound like amateur athletics. But "exploitation" is precisely what I mean. Personal exploitation made sell-outs of certain games in which "Ken" Strong of N. Y. U., C. K. Cagle of Army, Paul Scull of Pennsylvania, Harpster of Carnegie, Brazil of Detroit, Carroll of Washington, Hoffman of Stanford, and many others played.

"I ain't peddlin' a socker or a fighter but a personality," said one of Gene Tunney's managers, about the time that the heavyweight champion-to-be went in for sunsets, plug hats and Bernard Shaw. Colleges "peddle personality" in much the same way and for the same reason: the grosses at the gate. Illinois hawked 'Frosty Peters' to succeed "Red Grange". And what university can point an academic finger at "Bob" Zuppke's

owners for so doing? Fair Harvard with Guarnaccia and French? Syracuse with Baysinger? Carnegie with Rosenzweig? Princeton with Miles?

Poor Yale had a bad season. There wasn't a player in the squad who showed enough to pull much newspaper notoriety. Brown, after our banner year with its well advertised "iron men", was likewise in a publicity slump, in spite of Cornsweet. "Five yards McCarty" was in his day a box office natural, as a Chicago ticket speculator once said.

ANYWAY, to return to "Butch" Harrison and the Haven High team, the youngster had verve and a style to his playing that I felt sure could be turned into cash by an up-and-coming college. He made one open field tackle that the customers at a stadium would be wild about.

The next morning, I dropped in to have a talk with the boy. He knew who I was, where I'd played and coached. Was he flattered by my visit? On the contrary. High school players are far from naïve. They know their market value and usually overestimate it. Harrison claimed he'd had some kind of a cash offer from another college and expected me to top that.

My school does not pay cash and never has; at least, not since 1910. The day of the "ringer" or tramp athlete is about over. There are reasons why an amateur team can no longer be recruited from professionals on a strictly cash basis. The one year residence and the three years playing rules are two of them.

I don't mean to imply that graduate managers are more honest than ever before. But football teams are now so closely watched that the risk of detec-

tion is greater. It's difficult for a husky iron worker to change his name and play four years at each of three successive colleges, as was sometimes done in the gay 'Nineties and Nineteen Hundreds.

The classical story, from a prominent Eastern college, is the football coach's lament: "Seven regulars in the infirmary. My God, I'll have to play some of the students!" which harks back to those good, old days.

THE best offer I could make to young Harrison was a promise to give him his tuition, an easy campus job for board and room, and the expectation of "a little more" in his sophomore year. He was not impressed.

Nor was I discouraged. "There's more than one way to catch a sub-freshman." When they won't volunteer or enlist, they can frequently be drafted. I spent a day inquiring about the status of the Harrison family.

I was able to notify the Alumni Secretary that he could put some alumni to work on the boy's father to good advantage. "Butch's" father, a hardware merchant, was none too prosperous and a constant borrower at his bank. The banker is one of our alumni and so is the head of the District Federal Reserve Board, and so on. I fancy it will be possible to reach the boy through the United States Treasury extension.

I know of one case where a United States Senator's aid was enlisted to secure a smart End. But a Cabinet officer outbid him, for one of the service schools. The joke was that the player turned out to be a "bust."

As I write this, between eight and ten other sub-freshman, "prep" school

stars, are being persuaded to enter our school by similar methods. In each instance the letter but not the spirit of amateur athletic regulations will be observed.

At my school, they will be required to pass entrance examinations and the college will solemnly go through the motions of making *bona fide* students of them.

I REALIZE that this sounds like the anonymous ravings of a disgruntled coach who lost his job. Perhaps it is. I was not liked by one clique of the alumni and, after a disastrous season, I was thrown out.

But the reason why I write this anonymously is not that I am afraid or unable to back up my assertions with definite proof. It is not because I like the alumni association of my own college. On the other hand, I have a number of real friends in the college football business. If I identified myself, I would embarrass them. Moreover, I love football, as a game, more than any other sport. I constantly regard it as my trade, although I no longer draw a regular salary from it. Which does not prevent my realizing the ridiculous lengths to which our colleges are being drawn in their efforts to supply football for the masses.

Even professional sport writers seem to misunderstand certain aspects of the football phenomena. "Why do the colleges do it?" asked one nationally known sport page columnist, with whom I had lunch before the final game of the season.

"Because of the college governing bodies," I replied. "The governing bodies demand it."

Permit me to elaborate that statement. I realize that it is difficult to

believe that President John Doe, of Whoosis University, has deliberately turned his educational mill over to a group of sports promoters. He would emphatically deny such an allegation. He would believe his own denial and, since no man could be a college president if he possessed a sense of humor, would be burned at the stake rather than admit a word of the truth.

But —

COLLEGE presidents, as a class, are no longer representative of a scholarship tradition, rooted in conventionality, idealism, Greek, Latin and three modern languages. College presidents are now chosen because they are handshakers, go-getters and business men who can panhandle endowments. They are the spirit of Rotary with a spurious Oxford accent and a Phi Beta Kappa key, some trick degrees, and a good supply of after dinner stories for (a) mixed and (b) stag gatherings.

Such a college president is forced to recognize that it is impossible to build up endowments without athletics to ballast and advertise the appeal for funds.

For example: A certain university had the promise of \$5,000,000 from a member of its Board of Trustees, with the proviso that the college raise as much more from its alumni. The president approached an organization that conducts all kinds of philanthropic campaigns. They take 50 per cent. of the sum collected for their work; which meant that they would have to raise \$10,000,000 in order to get \$5,000,000 for the college. From the alumni of this college, \$10,000,000 seemed to be a huge sum to expect.

These racketeers replied to the col-

lege president without mincing their words.

"Get yourself a winning football team," they said. "We can't get money out of college alumni without a winning team."

Upon such mundane proposals does the "athletic consciousness" of our nation seem to depend.

The president took counsel with his trustees and advisers. They went out on the open market and hired the best football coach available. They paid him \$12,000 a year, plus an agreement to buy all athletic equipment through him, which enables him to double his salary "and doesn't appear on the auditor's list of expenditures."

"How long will it take you to build up a winning team?" they asked the coach.

"How much coöperation do I get?" was his immediate reply.

"Everything, Mr. Coach."

The coach nodded. "In three years, I'll turn you out a nationally famous team, one recognized from Coast to Coast."

There was much fervid handshaking.

"To start," added the coach, "I want every available scholarship put at my disposal."

SO, IN reality, college football games are staged by the college for the alumni. This practice seems to have become general about 1920. The "drive" system of extracting money had been demonstrated during the World War. Colleges developed teams, hired press agents, something like Creel's United States Publicity Bureau, and started out for a bankroll.

The college press agent by now has become an institution. He has three

main subjects to "plug": 1 — The football team and other athletics. 2 — Human interest stories dealing with athletes. 3 (and a poor third it is) — Stories dealing with the scholastic work of the college. The press agent keeps Dear Old Whatsis in the news columns and rotogravure sections with pictures of visiting potentates receiving honorary degrees or planting century plants upon the campus. In addition he gets out a weekly letter to alumni, keeping them informed, confidentially, on the gross receipts at all games, the tonsillitis endured by the crack hockey goalie, and other matters that pertain. In the football season, he supplies miles of copy to the sports departments, including descriptions of the home life of the Varsity guard who's so good to his mother.

WHEN the writer was playing his first football, it was purely a competitive contest; sometimes brutal and tinged with professionalism. But it remained a game, in that winning was the only consideration. Now, the football teams play for the gate receipts. Consider the colorful pet names of the teams: the Praying Colonels, the Golden Tornado, the Scarlet Wave, the Homeless Irish, the Thundering Herd. All of them are good, sound box-office titles, as movie exhibitors say. In my time we played, let us say, Notre Dame, and patriotically hated them. We didn't enter into a joint production of a matinee performance with "The Homeless Irish." If our schedule called for us to meet Georgia Tech, we took our licking as a team, and weren't merely a minor part of a Roman holiday. Teams still play to win, because only a winning team can

be a good attraction in the grosses. But a widely-advertised running back, like Cagle or Marsters, does more for the college treasuries than an unbeaten and less "colorful" team.

AN AMAZING thing has happened. The spectacles staged by the colleges for their alumni have become tremendous "draws" to the general public. For example, within five years, the Notre Dame-Army game, a contest that had previously been played to a gate of 12,000 persons, grew into a pageant that sold out the 87,000 available seats. At least 25,000 more seats would have been filled if they had been available, and good seats went to a speculator premium of \$35 each. The actual alumni interested in this contest are almost negligible in numbers.

Colleges are finding themselves in the sport promotion business. Teams with a seven-game schedule are playing to million dollar grosses. And, like Tex Rickard, the university authorities are finding that business demands a staged entertainment instead of an athletic contest.

The routine reply to this is a perfunctory statement from the Alumni Director of Athletics that "the college cannot control the whims of the public. President John Doe deplores the overemphasis, but is helpless." President Doe's deploring, to date, hasn't gone to the length of firing his press agent.

Then there is this other statement: "Football profits make other sports available to the students. Only basketball and football pay. Crew, tank teams, baseball, track, tennis, golf, polo and all other activities are supported by the football earnings. Nine-

ty-one per cent. of our students take part in some form of organized athletics."

In other words, the college says, "We've invested in a football team, exactly as we might have bought an interest in Colonel Ruppert's New York Yankees, the world's professional baseball champions. From the profit on our investment, we will pay out money for other athletic equipment that we want."

The great joke is, to the writer, that the Federal Government allows football tickets to be sold tax free. If football seats are not taxable, then prize fighting in the Madison Square Garden, New York, is run for charity. True that most football players are not paid much. Well, the preliminary fighters in Tex Rickard's big shows don't get rich.

This is, I believe, an unemotional presentation of the situation. It explains the football coach's greatest difficulty, the finding of football material.

THE search for football brawn (football brains are so rare that when they appear they are considered a miracle) is conducted month in and month out. Right now a certain New England high school boy is being beguiled by flattering offers from nearly a dozen rival colleges. His case is just the latest I know of. It is typical of a continual practice. There are more than 400 colleges, technical and advanced schools, and universities, with 600,000 undergraduates and uncounted alumni, who wish to be represented by football teams. In most of them, the college authorities, for financial or sentimental reasons, wish to cooperate. And, frankly, there isn't enough football material to go around.

No wonder the market is more and more bullish on players.

And no coach or graduate manager can honestly deny that some players in most colleges are very well paid for their services. That the payments aren't in cash but in kind doesn't alter the bald commercialism of the transaction. A player who gets whatever benefit there may be in a college education, and whose tuition is paid by neither himself nor his parents, who never even sees a bill for room and board, who finds a brand new overcoat or such needed articles as shirts, socks and gloves, left casually in his room, who is given a monopoly of the cigarette sales or pants pressing business, is in fact a subsidized player.

THAT is college football today. All camouflage aside, it is a commercial spectacle, carried on in part by hired entertainers for objects that have nothing to do with athletics or sportsmanship. Not that I hold it against the players. The subsidized player is, at the worst, a misguided victim of the accepted system. At the best, he gets and gives full value received. The undergraduates are largely innocent of the whole thing. The trustees, faculty and alumni are guilty.

"My boy," announced a practical-minded alumnus, "has got to play football. If he's good, he'll get a swell education out of it for nothing. And it'll mean \$5,000 more salary to him, the first two years he's out of college."

"There's money in football, pard," gasped the dying alumnus. "Thar's gold in them stadia."

It is an explanation of football which even a visiting Englishman could understand.

The Newest Generation

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

*What of our youngsters today? A noted observer reports them
in counter-revolution against yesterday's flaming rebels*

I

THE formerly "new" generation is old now, old and ugly — I allude to the group, not the individuals composing it — old and ugly and disillusioned. To be sure, they never were very happy. Even in their exuberant immaturity you could see that, by watching their hard young faces when they did not know you were looking. They were rather pitiful, like the hard-faced Puritans they despised. It is as absurd to go out after happiness through self-indulgence as to cultivate character through self-negation. Happiness, like character, comes as a by-product, if at all.

Even those who had the capacity for happy hedonism were naïvely ignorant of the only two things that seemed to interest them, love and liquor. They thought all you had to do was break through your inhibitions, release your suppressions, let yourself go, and not give a damn. But, unfortunately, the sybaritic enjoyment of life in a complicated civilization is a highly technical art, and requires care, cultivation and a knowledge of the best traditions. One has to give a damn.

To be sure, not all of them were so

silly. It is unfair to judge any group by its noisiest exponents. I am writing merely of those representatives or misrepresentatives of their generation about whom its own self-conscious advocates have already written, and are still doing so, usually with a charming conviction of originality and often without verbs — those who led the "advance", meaning the recent reactionary movement back to savagery.

But the poor kids did not even make successful savages, because, while it is easy to act like one, to react like a savage is a different matter. We are still about ninety per cent. primitive, but that ten per cent. of civilization interferes psychologically. They were born too late, were too highly evolved, to enjoy savagery.

ONE notable result of the revolt has been to make the revolutionists revolting — even to themselves, in some cases. Hence the depths of depression throughout the modern world, more of it than ever before, psychiatrists say. Deans of colleges tell me the same thing.

But that is not the only nor the best result. The world may not be "a better and happier place for their having been in it" — as yet. But it is going to

be. So we ought to thank them, as we say hail and farewell. For as a new generation, they are dead now and done for. No longer are they in the spotlight, never again will they be the centre of interest, except to themselves. For now we have a brand-new younger generation making its entrance upon the stage. What kind of a part are they going to play?

II

TO BE sure, it is arbitrary to draw a sharp line between these two groups. They overlap. There are certain distinguishing characteristics, nevertheless, as I shall show, between the still rather young people who were growing up during wartime, and the very young ones who have been doing so since that historic event. But to understand, or even guess, where this latest crop of youngsters is going, it is necessary to find out where their retiring predecessors came from.

The ex-new generation was not begotten by the war, though it is comforting to blame everything on the war. One dislikes to divulge the secret of their birth. It was so disgraceful. They were produced by the Victorian era they detest. That brave determination to "face the facts of life as they are, and not as told to believe they are by tradition and authority," did not originate with them. It came from the pre-natal influence of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Huxley and other eminent Victorians. I hate to destroy illusions, but even their beloved Freud announced his epoch-making theory away back in 1894 — the 'Nineties!

The scientific spirit had been gradually suffusing and inspiring humanity in a quiet, orderly, evolutionary way.

Then suddenly the Great War broke. The shock of battle precipitated the psychological birth of a whole litter of young people. They came into a distraught world prematurely. It was not their fault. They were war victims.

But now we have a newer and healthier brood, conceived and brought forth normally, without any war to cause complications. How are they going to react in a civilization started in superstition, still largely ruled by bunk, inspired by taboo and tyrannized by traditional beliefs?

WITHIN the last few years, I have enjoyed some unusual privileges with representatives of each of these two groups, both on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, and during recent sojourns at a couple of our large state universities I also came in touch with young people from the regions in between. It really was a privilege. I did, indeed, enjoy it. One of the pleasantest modern improvements in young people is that they neither fear nor object to the presence of older people as much as we did — provided the old people know their place and don't try to teach or preach. Besides, it is more interesting to let them teach and preach to you, especially when you have much to learn.

I am grateful to our young *intelligentsia* for all the pains they took to tell me what I ought to know. But I really got a better line on the spirit of the age from those who expressed it less consciously in their actions and in their engaging prattle, without knowing that they were animated by the *Zeitgeist*. So often the way. Intellectuals, who think they think, are likely to fool themselves and puzzle the poor pupil.

For example, I recently returned, after a longer absence than usual, to our modern Bagdad on Manhattan Island, eager to note the changes in the manners and customs of the natives. Many of my own contemporaries of both sexes, it must be confessed, were still emulating the post-war generation to the best of their waning powers, thus suggesting, by their incongruous cavortings, the unbecoming ambitions of mature cows to kick up their heels like the frisky colts in the adjoining pasture. It has been most deplorable, the evil influence of young people upon us old people. I wondered how it was affecting the newest generation; the boys home from college, the girls now coming out. So I accepted an early opportunity to drop in for a few minutes at a *débutante* dance, given for a friend's daughter.

I CAN tell only what I saw with my own Rip van Winkle eyes. I beheld youths and maidens dancing with daylight between them. Only, there was no daylight because this was not a revel lasting till dawn. This party broke up at one o'clock. I saw no hip-flasks. To be sure, even in the good old days they seldom were in evidence on the dancing floor, but the effects often were. There were no such effects here, nor at any of the youngest generation's parties I attended. Indeed, most of the "drinking" was done by us shameless old people, sipping champagne as we looked on from the side lines.

It must be admitted that these youths were mostly the sons and daughters of "our nicest people", and that the scene was not a supper club nor an artist's studio in Greenwich Village. Moreover, there always were some comparatively conservative

dances, even in the early post-war period. We must not forget that. But one cannot help remembering also certain other parties pulled at the homes of our "best people" only a few seasons ago. Breaking the hostess's furniture is no longer considered legitimate indoor sport.

AND I witnessed even more radical conservatism. For example, most of the girls wore long hair, and most of the boys wore long coats. Dinner jackets have been banished from such parties — "long ago," I was reliably informed by no less an authority than a Princeton junior. Even this unimportant concession to formality seemed significant as an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace.

I also ascertained that the young people who attended this dance were, all of them, invited to do so. Gate-crashing has gone out. Moreover, these youthful guests not only took the trouble to say good-night to the hostess, but the boys actually made low bows when they did it. They said pleasant, appreciative things, even to that former nonentity, the old man who paid for the party.

But the strangest, most reactionary reaction of all I got from the faces and expressions and unconscious atmosphere of the girls. If I had met any of these flappers walking on the street, I could have told at a glance that they did not belong on the streets. Only a few seasons ago, it was difficult to be sure which was which. These pretty little dears had the low voices and quiet manners of breeding, and apparently were not trying to live it down.

I would hate to insult them by suggesting that they were in any way like

the girls of the 'Nineties, who blushed and wore skirts to hide their ugly truth, but I must confess that some of this year's buds actually possess something awfully like bloom! What are we coming (back) to!

III

DOES this revival of manners, this recrudescence of taste and kindness and gentleness, mean the renaissance of civilization? Is "the pendulum swinging back" at last, as so many of my contemporaries have so long and so wistfully hoped?

If it means swinging back to the same sort of civilization we had, God forbid. Did we really make such a success of it that we want them to be like us?

Well, don't worry. They won't be. Their inevitable mistakes will not be the exact duplicates of ours. But, it seems, neither are they going to emulate the blatant vulgarity of their immediate predecessors. Of that we can be pretty sure, because of a characteristic in human nature, especially in youthful human nature, which is more deep-rooted than mere manners or fashions.

When we were undergraduates, there hung upon the walls of the athletic training quarters, for our inspiration, photographs of the football teams of the past — framed in golden oak. We revered their records, but we laughed at their side-whiskers. Since then I have seen modern undergraduates display the same convulsive merriment upon beholding the pictures of my day. Our deities did not wear sideburns or even walrus moustaches, but they had such ridiculously long hair.

Youth always feels a sense of amused superiority toward the era immediately preceding its own. This newest generation has already begun to laugh at some of the weird customs of the post-war period. They are not so much shocked as their parents were; they are not shocked at all; but they are far more bored. To these youngsters now coming into their own, much of what they call the old stuff seems as dull and old-fashioned as the antique slang of the early 'Twenties, which they, of course, disdain to use.

Youth is ever self-conscious, always inherently snobbish. "Oh, we don't go in for that sort of thing," a sweet child remarked. "Ordinary people are doing it now." It means so much to young people to feel the security of exclusiveness. For youth is inherently timid as well.

"Look at that funny old thing making an idiot of herself," the same one said. "She thinks she's being snappy. But those boys she's trying to vamp are too sophisticated for her line."

The "old thing" was about twenty-seven years of age, and the young one had all the arrogance of slim nineteen. The sophisticates must have been nearly twenty-two. One of the latter remarked to his mother in regard to that poor "old thing", "Oh, she's one of those old-fashioned girls who paint."

IV

THE post-war crowd were pioneers, explorers; an army, indeed, drafted by themselves, to fight Puritanism, Victorianism and suppressions; shock-troops who went over the top to make the world safe for sexuality. They were discoverers, too. Didn't they dis-

cover sex for us? Well, at least, they uncovered it. They bravely stripped it bare, and have been pointing at it honestly and talking about it candidly ever since, at the tops of their voices.

Their successors are interested in sex, too. So were we, or else there wouldn't have been any more generations! But this insistent shrillness strikes the new crowd as funny. "Why, yes, of course," they say; "what of it?"

Well, that's natural. The telephone and the radio became part of the familiar household equipment. Those who use them normally now take them as a matter of course and can not get so excited about these great discoveries. Nowadays even airplanes hum overhead without making us look up from our work.

MAKE no mistake about this newest generation. They, too, are eager to "face the facts of life as they are." But — and here's the significant thing — they want more of the facts. They will not regard this age as "too scientific", but as not scientific enough. Life contains more than bunk. It includes Beauty.

Meanwhile these newer young people are also learning to talk about "fixations" and "transferences", and

other things from the doctor-books, as glibly as any of the older boys and girls. But the novelty has worn off. It no longer shocks anybody, even their parents. So they are not so generation-conscious. They will not rest with half-baked, pseudo-scientific psychology gleaned from psychopathic cases. They are not so likely to use all that as a defense mechanism for "rationalizing" self-indulgence. The better specimens have already seen that there is a catch in that "philosophy of life", as Freud himself did, and, being a great and growing man, recently acknowledged it.

They have already begun to take more interest in objective ideas, to be less preoccupied with subjective emotions. At one of our colleges there is a group earnestly studying the technique of sublimation, bless their hearts!

FINALLY, the newest generation may even discover that what their elder brothers and sisters were pleased to consider negative suppression is, nine times out of ten, positive self-direction, that the result is more likely to be character than complexes, and that this is the way civilization is made — even the real civilization they may help to build.

Chains for the Years

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

*Shall the familiar and variegated Calendar of Caesar and Gregory,
not to mention the Mayan tonalamatl, be discarded for a
drab and deadly concoction of internationalism?*

HE WAS a great genius, the cave man who first remarked to his wife as they sat and watched the sunset, "My dear, I do really believe that the sun will rise tomorrow, not because it wants to, but because it has to." Of course, doubts must have assailed him the very next moment, and it is more than likely that he blushed an aboriginal red at the thought of his own daring. But blush or no blush, he had said it, and the phenomenon of recurrence had been noted for the first time. As for his wife, she probably hoped that none of the neighbors had overheard this first scientist, and she sighed — first of a long line of women to sigh for the peculiarities of their philosophic husbands.

One can imagine how the rumor went abroad in the tribe, and how finally all of the men and most of the women came to the point where they could believe in the compulsion under which the sun labored. That moment must have been a moment of triumph, and it is a characteristic of all people never to leave triumphs unadorned. If the sun was compelled by some divinity to push its ruddy face above

the Big Dinosaur Ridge every morning, what was more logical than to believe that the same, or an associated divinity, kept it to the task of observing all of its solstices and equinoxes? They thought the thought; no lightnings came out of the heavens to destroy them, and it became at once an established axiom. One sees the little cave boys and the little cave girls shaking their fists in wicked glee at the subdued light of the heavens, and one sees the primordial scientist bringing the keys of the city home to his scoffing wife. The sun had been subdued, and the first step in the long struggle to create a calendar had been accomplished. There were many steps to come on the heels of that one, many more scientists to be made famous, and many strange wonders to arise.

THESE wonders have marched in unbroken succession since that historic sunset, growing ever greater and greater. From the more or less floating calendar of the Semites they have progressed to the five epogomenal days of the Egyptians, and from the Sixteenth Century battle over the New Style they have culminated in

the glory of Moses B. Cotsworth and his International.

IT is a strange urge, this one which makes us want to alter the calendar. It is perhaps to the essential modesty of mankind that the urge must be ascribed. The sun is such a powerful beast, and the idea of chaining him is so very tremendous, that we can never be quite sure we have done it adequately. And so we unchain him every now and then, to have the fun and the sport and the exhilaration of tying him up again. He has been submitting very patiently to the repeated operation for as many centuries as there has been anything in the way of civilization. There have been years with twelve months, with thirteen months, and with no fixed months at all. There have been years with floating days, nameless days, intercalated days, and days with no port of call whatever. The moon has been taken as a guide; the sun; the dog star Sirius; and the omens from the viscera of slaughtered cattle. Priests have named days and months after their favorite deities; emperors have added months and named them after themselves; scientists have tried to add still other months — but in general the influence of the scientist upon the calendar has been vague. There is something about the scientific temperament which prevents people from taking it seriously when it pretends to change the established order of the sun's going. It is only lately that there has been anything like a change from this, only very recently that the man in the street has begun to realize that there might be some legitimate reason for changing the calendar apart from the gratification of the

imperial vanity or the praise of a pagan god.

We must furnish our house, and we must furnish it well. The universe is settling down for a nice long period of living, and it is putting its dwelling in order. It took a long time for this concept to reach the street. Science, in the form of science's half-brother, invention, turned the trick. We have revolutionized transportation. We have done the same for communication. We have devised new and un-earthly amusements. We have more ways of making money, spending money, saving time, killing time, being happy and curing unhappiness than the world has ever known before. We have furnished our house beyond the dreams of most earthly realtors. Only a few things remain to be put in order. The calendar seems to be one of them, and it is coming in for its share of notice.

MORE than its share, some might say. Acting on the principle of the family confab over the question of the new living room furniture, the League of Nations, last year, lifted its weary eyes from its world-task, and turned them upon this matter of making the world more comfortable through its calendar. It stared profoundly about it, and looked the world over — just as the more elderly members of the family stare about them at the living room and plan the new sticks. It agreed lazily that there might be something in this calendar business after all, and it appointed a committee. This committee did just what the family does — it went shopping. It issued a pronunciamento, or whatever Geneva calls it, and asked for volunteers. All calendar experts hailing

from approved and recognized nations were invited to submit plans and estimates for a good, workable, international calendar, acceptable everywhere, and subject to none of the ills the scattered days are heir to.

THEY got them. From every side and all sides the experts swooped down upon the committee. Breathing fire and fury to the old established order of the days, they descended panting upon Geneva. In a few seconds one hundred and eighty-five plans, from thirty-three countries and in as many languages, had been piled upon the desks of the Committee members, flung in at them through the windows, and sent screeching to them over the hot wires. All nations, including the Scandinavian, seemed to be certain that the calendar needed fixing; and if they were more certain of anything else, it was that they had been ordained the fixers. The hoarse yell, "Down with February twenty-ninth!" resounded through the quiet streets of the Swiss city, and was only equalled in fury by the challenge flung to heaven, "We don't want a floating Easter!" The evacuation of the Ruhr and the recognition of Russia were forgotten in the battle over the five-week months, and the question of international opium-smuggling gave way to the question of the irrational year. The League had been roused from its lethargy, and stirred to action; a really pressing problem had been stumbled upon, and the Committee sat over it. It is still sitting.

Similes are playful horses, but this one fits: Grandfather, deciding that there had been too much delay over the ordering of the new living room furniture, had selected one hundred

and eighty-five sets, flung them into the room, and told the family to make its choice — quick! But he had neglected to remove the first set.

One name rose pyramiding over the mass of names, as the lightest of the acrobats in the act rises pyramiding over the shoulders of his fellows. This was the name of Moses B. Cotsworth. I have mentioned Mr. Cotsworth and his International before; the International is, of course, the Cotsworth International Fixed Calendar. It has received more attention, and rightly, than all of the other plans together. It is simple, logical, easily understood — and has Mr. George Eastman, of the Eastman Kodak Company, back of it. And thereby hangs more than a single tale.

MR. COTSWORTH, it seems, was — he is no longer — a railroad statistician. More than thirty years ago he took a sidelong glance at the calendar, in somewhat the same spirit as my first caveman looked at the sun, and decided that it was not so much. He had found in his work that a great deal of confusion resulted in the preparation of statistics because of the inequality of the months and weeks, and because the year was not a multiple of its weeks. So he sat himself down and evolved the Cotsworth International — thirty years ago, remember. So far he could well report progress. But then, as often happens, nothing happened. The world had the old calendar, and the world had Mr. Cotsworth. Mr. Cotsworth had the new calendar, but the world, in a way incomprehensible to philosophers, did not. So Mr. Cotsworth waited. With a sincerity really deserving of great respect and admiration, and with a sense of altru-

ism rare in his day and ours, he worked patiently at his great idea.

And then, some twenty years ago, — things happen slowly in the calendar world, — the Royal Society of Canada in convention assembled, invited Moses B. Cotsworth to expound his plan before it. He did so — and it was unanimously adopted. This was the first of a long series of unanimous adoptions which led to little else, and if the League does approve of the Cotsworth International finally, to Canada will go the honor of its first recognition. For one, The Liberty Calendar League, in convention at Washington, decided that the Cotsworth Calendar was the best of many offered. Thus encouraged, Mr. Cotsworth buttoned up his unanimous acceptances in his breast pocket, and waited.

He waited single handed for approximately twenty-five years, paying for propaganda, and for the advice of experts in all lines. Then, in 1924, — the very mention of which year is enough to make the old calendar tremble, — the attention of Mr. George Eastman, maker of snapshots by indirection, was called to the Cotsworth International. Big business methods were applied. Mr. Cotsworth was sent abroad to organize foreign countries, and to influence the League, while Mr. Eastman and staff attended to the missionary work at home. Now they are both waiting, but they are waiting in company, and that must make it much more comfortable.

IT WOULD be a shame to delay giving the details of the Cotsworth International any longer. They are, briefly, these:

Instead of the usual month of ir-

regular length, we shall have the fixed month — and each fixed month will not be a second longer or shorter than twenty-eight days.

Instead of twelve months, we shall have a baker's dozen — thirteen. An extra month, to be called Sol, — oh, modesty! modesty! — will be intercalated between June and July.

Each month will begin on a Sunday, the year will begin on a Sunday, and each year will begin on a Sunday.

The total of the thirteen months will bring the number of days to three hundred and sixty-four. The extra day will come before New Year's Day of each year; it will have neither name nor date; it will not be Monday, nor Tuesday, nor any day but Year Day. For Leap Year an extra nameless-dateless day will come after the last day in June and before the first day in Sol.

Easter will be fixed, and all the legal holidays will come on Mondays — a good reason for renaming the Cotsworth International the Weekender's Delight. The automobile vote alone ought to be enough to put this feature across. Think of having Sunday driving two days in succession!

AND there, as the cicerone says, she stands! Look her over, ladies and gentlemen! Does she conform to what your ideas of a nice, respectable calendar have led you to expect? Shall we discuss her advantages? She has many of them which are obvious, but a few need exposition. It is not surprising that it should be so. It takes a good eye to pick out the softest seat in the new living room set without a little investigation.

Like a mighty chorus of triumph, like a chant almost religious in its

exaltation, the recitative of the advantages of the Cotsworth International rises to high heaven. Mr. George Eastman himself, writing in *The Saturday Evening Post* last March, leads the associated calendar glee clubs of America, and his subordinates, standing in positions of lesser, but still significant, vantage, help him in the work. In a pamphlet; in an article in *The Bulletin* of the Pan American League; in an article in *The Journal* of the National Educational Association, the educational research staff of the Eastman Kodak Company sings the golden promises of the revised calendar. The chant goes: it will stabilize business; it will stabilize banking; it will stabilize statistics; it will stabilize budgets; it will stabilize saving; it will stabilize recreation; it will stabilize schooling; it will stabilize the concept of stability itself.

TO TAKE up these items and give them their due one by one would be an unending and ungrateful work. There is however, and fortunately, a phrase which travels in the company of each of these points, a phrase used to demonstrate, in brief space, the glory of the Cotsworth International. For instance, take business: The new calendar will release one billion dollars into general circulation, because of the fact that twenty-eight days of money will be made to do the work of thirty or thirty-one, in the matter of paying bills. Take banking: Interest calculations will be greatly simplified. At present we know what a day means, and what a year means, but a month means precisely nothing at all. A three month's note will come to mean something, and the poor fellow who writes one will never have to guess when it is

due. He'll know — Cotsworth will see to it. Take statistics: Months will be multiples of weeks, and calculations will be easier. Business organizations will know where they stand. For instance, in the hotel game: The big paying days are Wednesday and Thursday. Under the present calendar, a month with five Thursdays will show itself as more profitable than a month with four, though the smaller month may have the greater daily average. Or take schooling: The school terms will always start on the same day and date, without confusion. Credits in different States for terms will be standardized. And last, take your watch: You can make a calendar of it by having twenty-eight numerals in order placed about the rim and inserting an extra hand into the works.

IN THE face of so much fact, one is permitted to do anything at all — but argue. The proponents of the calendar refuse to permit dispute. It's a shame to change tradition, say you. Say it once, and find out: Julius Cæsar added a month for his own amusement. So did his nephew. In 1582 ten days were dropped. In 1752 England added eleven. The old Hebrews had an extra Sabbath every once in so often. The Babylonians added intercalary months whenever the high priest felt like it. So did the Arabs, until the Prophet forbade it. In short, you have only to mention tradition, to find that the only tradition connected with the calendar is a constant tradition of change.

But still, like a faint melody in a minor key, the voice of objection manages to rise now and then. It is always downed, firmly, quietly, but definitely. No question can be asked

for which an adequate answer has not been prepared. Who would change the calendar? Why, a convention of scientists, like the one called by President Arthur to determine standard time. Before that there were seven different times in Chicago, six in New York, and two or three in every city large enough to have as many public clocks. Is the plan practical? It is already used by the Fuller Brush Company in all its business, and by several other corporations; beside which it is endorsed by F. E. White, President of Armour and Company; by Babson, of statistical fame; by Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railways; by Statler, of the hotels; and by Dollar, of the Dollar Steamship Lines. The burden of their approval is in the single line: The new calendar is sensible, the old one just a bad habit. . . . The old one is just a bad habit. One remembers the peasants in 1582, who staged riots when the calendar was changed, in the belief that they were being swindled out of so many days of their lives.

BUT no one will worry about that, in this modern day. The thing must be done, and it should be done as quickly as possible. It is proposed to let 1933 be the fatal year, for that is the first year from now which starts with a Sunday and is not a leap year; the first year in which the month, week, day, hour, minute, and second all start at the same instant of time. Let us take that instant of time by the forelock, and throw it with a half-Nelson. Too long have we been ruled by the vagaries of an inconsistent calendar. Too long — too long. The point is incontestable when presented that way.

And yet, though it is almost im-

pious, I can find it in my heart to sniff, and to sniff deeply, at the piles of logic massed up above. Drab, gentlemen, drab. With those three words and with the thing people call affection, I am not afraid to battle against all of your endorsements, and all of your gold medals. Who will replace golden October with a vague eleventh month, neither October nor November, but a disreputable both, half fish, half red herring? Who will give up the dear old rhyme of his childhood, for the deadly, stupid certainty of these dismal thirteen — I cannot call them months — these thirteen excrescences?

Thirty days hath September
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one
Save February, which alone,
Has twenty-eight, and one day more
We add to it each year in four.

HOW many times have I not seen a sober and respected man of business smile fondly and repeat the rhyme wordlessly, in order to find when a certain note was due! How many times have I not used the dear, dear uncertainty over the month's closing as a pretext for stopping short, and thinking, and finding that I could not accept the engagement after all! How many times have I not removed myself from a dangerous position by pretending to be confused over the coming of the Fourth of July, or Labor Day, or what not! Shall we, at one vile stroke, cast off this sweet refuge in a world which is, at best, uncertain? What is so rare as a day in June? Are we going to make them rarer by three? I mean, are we going to make them rarer, by two?

Drab, gentlemen, very drab. If we were going to make a new calendar we

should have rolled up our sleeves, opened our eyes, and mixed a little imagination with our altruistic energy.

WE SHOULD have invented a real calendar, not something with the general fascination of a board fence. We should have worked out a calendar with say, eight months, or ten, or sixteen — something good. And then we might have had varying weeks, one of ten days, followed by one of nine, and then by one of eight, and so on down to one of only one day. Think of the amount of borrowing this would have saved, from pay-day to pay-day. As one's salary refused to cover the week, the week would obligingly have grown smaller. This is real altruism — all your League Committees aside. And then think of keeping the old names for the months, when the opportunity to rename them came along! Why not be bold? How pleasant it would be to spend a year in which the months were named, say, Hortense, Mabel, Victoria, Daisy, Edith, Cleopatra, and the Daughters of the American Revolution! This shows insight into the needs of human nature, but I have little hope of its adoption. The world has grown too old.

However, if the Cotsworth enthusiasts have precedent for their drab and deadly effort, so have I for my more interesting year. Remember the old Mayans before you adopt a calendar. They had a cycle of two hundred and sixty days, formed in a pattern like that of the Chinese sexagesimal

cycle. It was called the *tonalamatl*, and consisted of twenty symbols representing days, combined with the numerals one to thirteen. The twenty symbols, each indicated by a real, live glyph, corresponded to such things as the wind, night, a snake, a storm, a death, a set of teeth, a king. In addition to this cycle they had a cycle of fifty-two years which combined the *tonalamatl* with the solar year. The solar year consisted of eighteen months with five residuary or epogomenal days at the end. Why can't we have epogomenal days? The Mayans had a real calendar, but, as I have said, the world is grown too old. Affection is an indecent thing to bring out in public, and the only virtue is practicality. One can appeal to reason, to avarice, to stupidity, to anything but romance. Even the touching picture I have it in mind to close with can avail nothing. I will use it, but I know it is a lost cause. Those who believe in Cotsworth will not be lightly swayed.

"YES," he said. "It is sad."
"So sad," she said. "So very hard to bear."

They looked together over the western hills to where the sun was setting.

"To think — to think," he murmured. "After all these years — our last March thirty-first together is drawing to its close. Next year it will be April sixth."

And for a moment all was still.

Affairs of the World

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

Mr. Hoover's Mission

THERE is ground for belief that Mr. Hoover's mission of neighborliness and good will to Latin America has very largely undone the mischief of President Wilson's Administration, just as the latter undid the great good which had been accomplished by Secretary Root's tour of years before. It is of course regrettable that there should be such changes in our attitude toward those or indeed any foreign countries. However domestic governmental policies may vary, our external relationships should flow in a direct and not an alternating current. But we may hope that, once they are laid as effectively as they seem to have been by the President-elect, there will be no revival of the fearsome bogies of "Yankee imperialism" and the "Colossus of the North" which the Wilson-Bryan policies conjured up. The conception of such a mission, as his first important act after his election, was a sheer stroke of genius on Mr. Hoover's part, and the manner and evident spirit of his reception in all the Republics demonstrate its timeliness and wisdom.

Worthy of especial note, too, is the fine fact that he has made it purely a mission of good will, without the slightest suspicion of commercialism.

There was, it is true, no need, from even a sordid point of view, for him to play the travelling salesman, since our commerce with those countries has under the present Administration been increasing by the proverbial leaps and bounds. In 1913 the West Coast countries got less than one-third of their imports from us, while in 1925 our share of their greatly increased imports was practically one-half. But such matters are to be left to private enterprise, and to the Department of which Mr. Hoover was formerly the head. The mission of the President-elect was conceived and conducted upon a higher though not less practical and certainly not less important plane.

The Nicaragua Canal

MR. HOOVER's visit to Nicaragua and Costa Rica revived discussion of the projected interoceanic canal through those States, and raised the pertinent question why, since it will soon become a necessity, the work of construction should not be undertaken now. It will not do to say that the Panama Canal will serve all purposes. Commodious as it is, that great highway is already nearing the point of congestion; and it is obvious that its capacity cannot be indefinitely increased. The carrying capacity of a lock canal is inflexibly determined by

the amount of water available, and that is in turn determined by conditions beyond the control of even a Goethals or a Lesseps. With additional flights of locks and larger dams, utilizing every drop of water that Isthmian meteorology affords, it is estimated that the capacity of the canal can be increased seventy per cent. Beyond that, nothing. And its traffic increased in 1928 eighteen per cent. over 1927. It is not difficult to reckon how soon, at that rate, the limit will be reached. If the Nicaragua Canal were begun today, it is not unlikely that before it was finished Panama would be overcrowded and would be turning shipping away.

There are three other major reasons for making the new canal. One is, the diplomatic benefits to the three countries directly concerned. Another is, the inestimable value of an alternative route in case of a blockade at Panama. The third is the superiority of the Nicaragua route for traffic with the North Pacific Ocean, comparable with that of Panama for the South Pacific. Another generation will doubtless see such a division of commerce between two canals, both operated to their full capacity.

Diplomatic Buffoonery

NOT often does a public man share the lot of Representative Britten, of Illinois, in being himself wrong in every detail of a performance, and all the other fellows absolutely right. He was wrong, of course, in his disregard for the Constitution and laws, and in his gross discourtesy to his own Government and his equally gross impertinence to that of Great Britain. Mr. Baldwin was right in sending him a reply which was, paradoxically, a

refusal to reply, and which implied a rebuke which would have excoriated anybody less pachydermatous than a hippopotamus; Sir Esme Howard was right in transmitting his chief's letter, even at peril of personal embarrassment; and Mr. Kellogg was right in refusing to receive something the acceptance of which might have made him *particeps criminis*. However, an international sense of humor prevented any harm being done; and the world knows that while we have our full share of them, we have no monopoly of what my old friend Count Seckendorff used to call "diplomatic daisies".

"Thalatta! Thalatta!"

THE cry of Xenophon's Ten Thousand still sounds stirring. We have seen in Europe more than one national demand for an outlet to the sea, even at peril of war; and we have just seen the same among our Southern neighbors. For the origin of the trouble between Bolivia and Paraguay dates back forty-five years, to the time when, as the price of peace with Chili, Bolivia was compelled to relinquish her title to a frontage on the Pacific and thus to become land-locked. Thereafter she cherished a hope that a settlement would be achieved between Peru and Chili which would restore to her at least a "corridor" and a port. But when, last year, there seemed imminent a settlement in which her claims would be ignored, she turned in sheer desperation toward another outlet, and sought in the No Man's Land of the Chaco Boreal an expansion of territory which would give her a real port on the Paraguay River instead of the inadequate Porto Suarez, and thus assure her access to

the South Atlantic. It must be recognized that her desire for a commercial outlet to tidewater is legitimate, and one with which Paraguay, herself landlocked and dependent upon river ports, might have been expected to sympathize; though not, of course, to the extent of gratuitously surrendering valuable territory to which she herself had title. In fact, however, title to a large part of the Gran Chaco is in dispute, and ought to be determined by arbitration. It was with peculiarly good grace that this country could urge that course, seeing that a century and a third ago we set before the whole world the example of thus disposing of a boundary dispute.

Latin American Stability

IT SEEMS to be high time to quit all the twaddle about the "disorderly little Republics of Latin America", which Germany and other European countries were a few years ago denouncing as "uncivilized", "barbarous", and unworthy to be recognized as members of the community of nations, and which were for such reasons debarred from membership in the first Hague Congress. I remember that one of the most liberal and enlightened journals in England declared, within the present century, that those Republics were quite unworthy to possess so valuable a continent, and that the overcrowded peoples of Europe would one day be warranted in disregarding their sovereignty and going in by force to possess the land. But I cannot remember an occasion, at any time, when twenty or half of twenty European Powers ever took so prompt, so decided and so effective a stand as those despised "little Republics" have just taken to

check the hasty passions of two of their own company and to constrain them to settle their differences by arbitration instead of war. Contrast against this the unanimity with which the European members of the League of Nations went by on the other side when Italy and Greece began fighting.

Incidentally, it is absurd to speak of them as "little" Republics. As a matter of fact their average population is larger than that of the majority of European States, while one of them would rank in size among the Great Powers and is exceeded by only four European countries apart from Russia.

Why Fight?

MUCH talk continues in Europe about the certainty of another war, in the not distant future, but with a most impressive absence of suggestion of any adequate cause for it. Doubtless Germany would like to destroy the Polish "corridor" so as to restore the geographical integrity of the Reich; though we can regard it as no greater hardship for Prussia to be divided, as of old, than it would be for Poland to be debarred from the sea. So, too, Russia would like to regain a more extended "window looking on Europe" by seizing the Baltic States. Yet no prophet of evil forecasts one of these as the cause of the impending war. It would be interesting to know what the coming war is to be about; and also what the League of Nations will do to prevent it.

It is also to be observed that while these fearful forebodings prevail in Europe under the benign influences of the League of Nations, in the Americas, under the Monroe Doctrine, there is full confidence in the main-

tenance of peace. The Doctrine is not, of course, a "regional understanding for the maintenance of peace", as the Covenant grossly misdescribes it; yet it certainly seems to be a more effective peace-keeper than the League.

Three Prime Desiderata

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is understood to desire very earnestly the completion of three major transactions before the expiration of his term of office. These are the enactment of the Naval construction bill, the ratification of the Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war, and the adherence of America to the Permanent Court of International Justice. There can be no hesitation in saying that because of his consistent and enlightened advocacy of these causes, the President richly deserves the honor and credit of having his Administration crowned with their success; and that such an achievement would make his Administration one of the most noteworthy and most beneficent in our history. Nor should there be less readiness in regarding these things as highly desirable, if not vitally essential, for our National welfare. As for the strange pretense that there is inconsistency or incongruity among them, it is worthy of only those who perceive inexorable antagonism and conflict among the hub, the spokes and the rim of a wheel. It would in fact be difficult to recall or to suggest three major measures of National policy more harmoniously interlocking and complementary than these.

Where Is the 5-5-3 Rule?

AFTER all, the most pertinent consideration concerning our Naval construction programme and Naval

negotiations with other Powers, is found in a few authentic facts and figures of record. The intent of the Treaty of Washington was that the naval powers of America, Great Britain and Japan should be in the ratio of 5-5-3. At the present time, of modern cruisers of all calibres, built and building, America has 18, of 146,000 tons; Japan has 33, of 206,415 tons; and Great Britain has 66, of 409,976 tons. If a reminder of these facts be Militarism, make the most of it!

Southern Republicanism

THE breaking of the "Solid South" in the late election has given rise to much consideration of plans for such a reorganization of the Republican party in those States as will enable it to retain control of the States which voted for Mr. Hoover. There can be no doubt that a division of the Southern States between the two parties — just as they used to be divided between the Democrats and Whigs — would be a good thing for them and for the Nation. It would be logical, too, because there is doubtless just as much a division of opinion there on fundamental policies of government as there was a hundred years ago. But a single issue, of comparatively recent origin, restrains millions of Southerners from joining the Republican party. The five States which voted for Mr. Hoover were not in fact thus carried by the Republican party, but by "Hoover Democrats" and "Anti-Smith Democrats". To what extent they can be persuaded to act regularly with the Republican party, is problematic. There seems, however, to be ground for saying that if the Republican party is to be a vital and effective organiza-

tion in the South, it must adopt a new and decisive policy toward the issue which has for years been holding aloof from it millions who would like to join it. It either must accept the practical nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment which has prevailed there for fifty years and become a "White Men's party", and thus win the support which it desires from those who are now Democrats; or it must insist upon and in some way secure the enforcement of that Amendment, and thus win commanding strength by virtue of the Negro vote. Otherwise, it can have no important future. In familiar phrase, it must either fish, cut bait, or go ashore.

A Lesson from Sweden

CONSIDER Sweden. That country has just been commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of its adoption of scientific forestry as a policy of government. Even before that time it had for centuries enforced the ancient rule that anyone cutting down an oak or a beech tree must plant two others in its stead. But a hundred years ago there was enacted an elaborate law, not only for the planting of trees for reforestation, but also for the protection and cultivation of them, the avoidance of fires, the economical cutting of timber, and indeed all the details which go to make of forestry a scientific industry. Now note the result. The forestry industries of Sweden, comprising timber, charcoal, wooden ware, woodpulp, wood paper, etc., form the greatest of all in the kingdom, employing more work people than any two others put together, and having an output of about twice the value of any other. Yet —

and this is the significant lesson for America to observe — with all this draft upon them, of a quarter of a billion dollars' worth a year, the forests of Sweden are not being destroyed nor depleted, but are actually increasing in extent and value; growing much more rapidly than they are being cut. And in America, what? Our forests are being cut and destroyed four times as fast as they are being replanted.

For Uniform Statistics

AMERICAN delegates at the International Statistical Conference at Geneva made an earnest plea for international and universal uniformity in the gathering, recording and publication of statistics. That would seem to be a prime necessity. One of the chief values of statistics is for purposes of comparison, and without uniformity comparison is always difficult and often impossible. But it would be well if that wise and pertinent plea could have some reaction upon our National statistics, which are often so lacking in uniformity as to be little better than valueless.

Congressional Unconstitutionality

HAVING for seven years contumaciously flouted the Constitution of the United States of America, in the matter of reapportionment of members, it is not surprising that the House of Representatives should now consider ways and means for evading the plain provisions of that instrument in the nominal performance of its long-neglected duty. We hear of grave discussions of a "major fractions" plan, as a substitute for that of "equal proportions", for the characteristically sordid reason that the

latter would reduce the number of members of some of the large States. Also there is a blithe and jocund proposal to make an apportionment based upon the number of American citizens, excluding from the reckoning all unnaturalized aliens. That might be a good thing. But it would certainly require an Amendment to the Constitution, which could scarcely be secured until some years after the taking of the next census. It is an interesting question whether this proposal is made for the sake of causing seven years' further delay, or with the exhilarating notion that, having defied the mandate of the Constitution by refusing to make a reapportionment under the 1920 census, the House can now further defy it by making a reapportionment in an unconstitutional manner.

By the way, all proposals to increase the size of the House are frowned down, on the ground that a larger House would be unwieldly. With objection to adding to the House more members of the quality of some who now adorn (?) that body, it is easy to sympathize. But seeing that other countries have much more numerous legislatures than ours, which, far from being unwieldly, are much more practical and expeditious in the transaction of public business, is not the plea of unwieldiness a damaging aspersion upon American capacity for self-government?

Bicameral Parliaments

FOR years Radical "reformers" have clamored for the abolition of our Senate, the British House of Peers, and all similar bodies, and the reduction of all legislatures to single chambers. No country has yet taken

such a step, however, while here is Greece, for more than half a century presenting the one important example of a unicameral Parliament, adopting the bicameral form and creating a Senate. The element of Conservatism is obviously not yet to be eliminated from human government.

The Fatherland First

AMID all "the tumult and the shouting" over Naval competitions and Naval reductions and what not else in the way of international mindedness, let me commend to Jingoese and Pacifists alike two sentences from a recent utterance, for prayerful consideration:

American foreign policy is meant to serve American, not British, ends. . . . The foreign policy of Great Britain is to serve British, not French or American, ends.

They form a part of the peroration of an article by Sir Charles Petrie, the eminent English publicist, in the current number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

China's Five Power Constitution

THE quintuple apportionment of coördinate governmental powers, prescribed by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen in the Chinese Constitution, merits careful observance as perhaps the most novel experiment in government since the American Constitution established the triplex system which is now recognized by a majority of nations. The Five Power instrument of Dr. Sun continues, of course, the legislative, executive and judicial departments, but it adds thereto the Department of Civil Service Examinations, and the Department of Censorship. Strange as this may seem to Western minds, the omission of these

two departments would seem equally strange to Chinese minds. For, as Liang Yueng-li reminds us, Dr. Sun got them, not from any alien example nor from his own fecund faculties of invention, but from the immemorial theories and practices of the Chinese Empire itself. It will be interesting to follow the practical workings of the quintuple organization in the great development of popular government in which China is now engaging.

Direct or Electoral Vote?

SINCE last fall's Presidential election there has been a revival of talk about the discrepancies between the popular and the Electoral vote, with much urging that the latter be abolished and that Presidents and Vice-Presidents be elected by the direct vote of the people. But, as actual examples show, still more glaring and quite inequitable discrepancies often occur, between the ballots and their results, in cases of direct voting. Note the polling and the results in two recent elections in Manchester, England. In one the Conservatives polled 104,027 votes and elected only one Member, while the Laborites with only 79,885 votes elected four, and the Liberals with 71,141 votes elected five Members. Ten months later another election was held, in which the Conservatives, with 135,195 votes, got six Members, the Laborites with 88,637 got four Members, and the Liberals with 50,350 votes, got none. It would be difficult to find more inequitable results under any election system. Yet something worse might occur under direct popular election of a President; for it would be quite possible for a man to be elected by

virtue of carrying a single State, with the other forty-seven against him; and of course, conversely, for a man to carry all of the States but one, and yet be defeated. That, we should say, under our Federal system, would be far more objectionable than for a man to get four-fifths of the Electoral vote by virtue of only three-fifths of the popular vote.

Still Slacking

ON THE principle that nothing is ever settled until it is settled right, we may regard it as pertinent to call attention to vote slacking until that ominous evil is abated. There has been a flood of gratulatory comment upon the enormous popular vote polled at the last election. The facts are, however, that only about 63.2 per cent. of the legal voters were registered, and only about 53.6 per cent. actually voted. That is a little improvement upon the disgraceful records of 1924 and 1920, but it falls sadly short of the standard of 85 to 95 per cent. in other countries.

Robert Lansing

IN THE death of Robert Lansing the public service of America lost a scholar, a diplomat, a statesman, a gentleman. He was an admirable example of the kind of man that we greatly need to have more numerous in official life, in preparation, in training, in experience, in integrity of character. He was the impersonation of that consistency and stability in foreign policy which are a fundamental need, and in his gallant defence of which he was made to suffer official martyrdom. History will give him a higher rank than did most of his contemporaries.

Admiral von Scheer

THE death of the commander of the German High Seas Fleet at Jutland called forth unstinted tributes to his skill and valor, from his former foes as well as from his countrymen. It suggested, too, the interesting reflection that with the solitary exception of "Old Tirps", as Lord Fisher called him, German Naval officers in the World War have escaped the severe criticisms and in some cases execrations which were freely applied to a number of the Army chiefs. This is the more strange, in view of the "frightfulness" of the submarine operations, and seems to indicate that war at sea is judged by a different code of ethics from that on land.

Curiosities of Tariffs

"SAFEGUARDING" is the latest British synonym for "Protection". As General Grant is reported — at least by good old *Ben Trovato* — to have said on a memorable occasion, it means the same but sounds better; at least to the ears of those who were moved by the seductive eloquence of Gladstone to regard a protective tariff as the Abomination of Desolation. It recalls, however, an example of safeguarding rivalling in its devious ways the utmost vagaries which Free Traders have ever charged against Protection. About a century and a half ago, tobacco culture was practised very profitably in England, and bade fair to become one of the great industries of that country. But thereupon the Government, of George III, made a law absolutely prohibiting

the growing of tobacco anywhere in the United Kingdom. Why? Because, so they said, the existence of tobacco fields was ruinous to the wheat fields, making the grain unfit for human food. That, however, was a fine example of what is scientifically known as "spoofing". The real reason was that the more tobacco there was grown at home, the less tariff revenue there would be for the Treasury from tobacco imported from abroad. Therefore to "safeguard" the revenue, tobacco culture was forbidden. In the name of Adam Smith — wisdom!

"Noah, he did build an Ark"

CHICAGO wants Noah's Ark, for an exhibit at her forthcoming World's Fair. Why not? Explorers have found at Kish some wooden chariot wheels five thousand years old, in a fair state of preservation. Why, then, should not the durable cypress timbers of the Ark have been equally well preserved, in the benevolent climate of Mount Ararat? (Of course, we shall have to give up the cherished and chanted notion that "he built it out of yellow pine bark"!)

Seriously, the extraordinary confirmations of Scriptural narratives which have recently come to light make even this quest seem only a little fantastic. And then we must remember that the legend of the Ark is practically universal, in the myths and traditions of every ancient people, including even the Mayas and the Algonquins. The fascinating and supremely picturesque feature of the enterprise is, that the search for the Ark is to be made with airplanes!

State Medicine: Boon or Bogy?

BY G. W. HAIGH, M.D.

*The medical and surgical system of the United States Navy
proposed as a model for a State or National service for
all the people*

THE time has come seriously to consider the institution of State medicine. By State medicine is meant, not a system retaining all the deficiencies of the individualistic competitive form of medical practice such as the panel system of Great Britain or the sickness societies of Germany, but an organization based upon the economic principle of the division of labor and designed to insure coöperation in supplying a public necessity; to wit, a complete, free, in time compulsory, health and accident service maintained by each Commonwealth. It would necessarily embrace the present departments of public health and of industrial accidents. It would furnish for all who accepted its benefits the same service as that provided by the medical corps of the Navy for its personnel.

Today, health is recognized as of prime importance. Since scientific medicine can do so much to promote, preserve, and restore health and vigor, no one should be denied its full blessings. Yet, at a time when the right of every citizen to the possession of *optimum* health should be esteemed as inalienable as his right to the pursuit

of happiness, under the prevalent expensive competitive form of medical practice many do not enjoy its greatest advantages. Even though more than a decade has elapsed since an eminent physician and sociologist writing in a lay periodical showed that the great middle class was not deriving commensurate benefits from modern medicine, nothing significant has been done to remedy this flagrant social defect. And why? Simply because nothing will avail but a radical change from private individualistic practice to a Government coöperative health and accident service.

TO MANY, such a proposition smacks of Socialism. But let them reflect that after the need for public education was generally acknowledged, the idea of offering to all children free instruction was no more Socialistic. Whereas education concerns only a part of the people only a part of their lives, health concerns all the people all their lives. Since, moreover, there is no constant or exact demarcation between preventive medicine and curative medicine or between private health and public health, private

health becomes a matter of public moment as soon as private agencies are found to be wanting. Since the medical profession has signally failed to furnish proper service at a reasonable cost, it behooves the people to provide for themselves the needed organization. As a matter of fact they have already established Government departments for the care of patients with mental diseases, tuberculosis, and in Massachusetts cancer. To forestall the successive founding of independent State hospitals for chronic rheumatism, heart and kidney diseases, and diabetes, however, it is positively imperative that they forthwith contrive a free, unified and co-ordinated health service.

SUCH a public service obviously would demand, as our public schools do, that its beneficiaries forego their choice of any individual physician and accept the offices of the one or more medical men designated to serve them. This would not entail any hardship but would be a distinct advantage in this day of specialization, when most persons have to be directed to the source of the best treatment without the delay that so often results from their having exercised this privilege. Surely the doctor is far better able to judge where the most prompt diagnosis and the most effective treatment can be obtained than are the patients themselves, who now wander from one rival physician to another without relief till at length they reach the hospital beyond cure. Already the physician or surgeon engaged in hospital practice is losing his identity; for whereas formerly the common inquiry was, "What doctor did you have?" today it is, "To what hospital did you

go?" Formerly, persons might be served by their family physicians from birth to death; nowadays they are brought into the world by obstetricians, attended by pediatricians, operated upon by rhinologists, examined by school physicians, treated for broken bones by orthopedists, operated upon for appendicitis by general surgeons, examined by factory physicians; subsequently, they may consult cardiologists and specialists in diabetes; in the mean time they have without doubt required the services of the Roentgenologists, dermatologists, and dentists. Is it not quite evident that in such a jumble of divided responsibilities, in order to take the place of the vanishing family physician with his intimate knowledge of the patients and the patient's family, there is urgent need of some directing and correlating agent and complete permanent health records?

SINCE the specialties are bound to grow and multiply with the progress of civilization, which begets new knowledge and new ways of applying such knowledge, the sooner they are coördinated, the better and the easier. Only by organization can they be properly joined for efficient coöperation. For some time coöperative medicine has been practiced in hospitals, especially among the charity and the wealthy patients, when the expense of such has not had to be taken into account. The superiority of such co-operative practice over the individualistic form was implied in the statement of the previously mentioned famous clinician and teacher, that the large middle class who did not or could not avail themselves of such team work in the practice of scientific

medicine were not receiving the greatest possible help. Since such service is too expensive for the working people who are accustomed to pay their way, it can be furnished only by a Government medical corps.

THE ability of such a corps to maintain the present high standard and steady progress of scientific medicine, however, is doubted and even denied by many conservative doctors and laymen. They assume that individual competition is requisite as a goad and that initiative is repressed by orderly coöperation. Now in any profession to which only the learned should belong an opportunity to work intelligently, itself, suffices as a stimulus to effort. A decent living is sufficient material compensation. For several decades, in fact, most contributions to the advancement of medicine have emanated from clinics, laboratories, or institutes manned by salaried personnel working together. Even members of the medical profession financially independent have shown initiative and energy in the pursuit of such scientific research or in the establishment of renowned clinics. Since 1916, furthermore, the high professional standing of the medical offices of the United States Navy as well as those of the Army and Public Health Service, has been acknowledged by the American Medical Association to be above that of civilian physicians in general, because the former are admitted to fellowship automatically, by virtue of their commissions, whereas the latter are eligible only by meeting certain conditions. Since only representative graduates in medicine enter these Federal services, the organizations themselves must foster a grade of

practice higher than that of civilian doctors, who are embarrassed by monetary considerations and distractions in their struggle for a living. Moreover, it was to be observed by those physicians serving in the Navy for the duration of the World War that the naval personnel had the utmost confidence in its medical officers. Some of those who were financially able and physically free to consult eminent civilian doctors gladly availed themselves of the services of their medical officers.

ANOTHER objection to Government medicine is its alleged prohibitive expense. Just reflect upon the extravagance of the present incoherent multifarious health agencies in Massachusetts. First, there are the State organizations, including the Commission of Public Health with its manifold divisions, with field and hospital forces of mental diseases, tuberculosis, communicable diseases, cancer, bacteriological and serological laboratories; the Department of Public Welfare with its hospitals; and the Industrial Accident Board with its medical problems. Second, the Federal health services, public health, child welfare and maternity and also various private national societies and institutes of hygiene and medicine with State branches. Third, the local board of health with its hospitals for contagious diseases, and the school health department, ambulance service, diverse hospitals, municipal as well as private, charitable and industrial, general and special, different health centers, district nursing societies, Red Cross workers, private physicians and nurses, pharmacists, masseurs, cultists, mediums, quacks, abortionists,

herbalists, fakirs, and dispensers of patent medicines. To what the total expenditures of these multitudinous factors amount transcends the imagination. They are as prodigious as prodigal in comparison to the probable cost of a system arranging and uniting the many diverse worthy agents and eliminating competition in a public necessity more important than all the public utilities. The expense of the latter would prove to be as much less than that of the former, as its efficiency would be greater.

AS THE value of hygiene comes to be better appreciated and as the progress of civilization renders mankind economically more and more interdependent, the functions of the civilian physician become identical with those of the naval medical officer, which are primarily to keep the personnel fit for duty, and secondarily to restore them to fitness for duty. Without an excellent organization the medical corps of the Navy and the Army during the World War would surely have broken down under the strain of the sudden and vast recruiting of their respective numbers. That they met that supreme test nobly, no one would dispute. Then why can not that organization be applied to civilian practice? To serve effectually the civilian population relatively immobile and constant, in contrast to the mobile and variable naval and military forces, would be a far less difficult task. Actually, it would be found to possess such reserve capacity as readily to cope with the human disasters caused by storms, floods, accidents, or conflagrations.

In the application of such an organization as the Bureau of Medicine and

Surgery of the Navy to the public in general there arise three questions of interest: the method, the cost, and the efficacy. Of these the first two, being rather technical, will not be discussed in as much detail as the last. Moreover, since a way is always found for bringing about a needed reformation, the first two are of less immediate importance than the last.

IN THE adaptation of this Government medical service to the public the unit would be the district hospital with such different departments as eye, ear, nose and throat, orthopedic, obstetric, pediatric, neurological, mental, convalescent, and incurable. It would vary in size according to the populousness of its territory. In the largest cities the different departments might be represented by institutions separate from one another but closely affiliated with the general hospital, which would serve as a clearing house for patients and as headquarters for the personnel and the health records. Besides, there would be auxiliary health and accident stations in factories and shops where enough people were employed, and also in rural communities too remote to be served directly by the central hospital staff. Temporary relief stations might be set up for celebrations, exhibitions, athletic contests, and entertainments when people collected in large enough crowds. Mobile field companies might be dispatched for service among communities stricken with epidemics or catastrophes. Medical officers on the hospital staff would minister to those unable to visit the out-patient clinics, whether or not in need of hospital treatment. Eventually, however, all patients incapacitated by curable dis-

eases or remediable injuries would be confined to the appropriate hospitals.

Over these medical groups would be a central professional bureau like that of the Navy. This would be manned by medical officers and hospital corpsmen under the direction of a surgeon-general, who alone would be appointed by any layman. In order to eliminate politics from the operation of this service he would be selected by the Governor only from those medical officers of the one or two highest ranks. This State Health Department would encompass the existing Commission of Public Health and the medical duties of the Industrial Accident Board and the Department of Public Welfare.

THE personnel would comprise three bodies: Medical corps, composed of doctors of medicine; hospital corps, of nurses and technicians; and auxiliary corps, of non professional employees under the civil service. The professional members would have a pay schedule similar to but slightly lower than that of the naval medical officers, who require somewhat more money than civilians because of having to perform duty away from their families. The salary with the usual allowances for living quarters would be determined by two factors, the length of service and the rank. Promotion would be governed up to a certain grade by seniority, beyond that by examination. Bonuses would be given to those performing their duties in an exceptionally meritorious manner or making notable contributions to the progress of medicine. There would be provided, also, insurance against disability on account of health or accident and a pension for retirement.

The funds for the maintenance of State medicine would be obtained from about the same sources as those for the existing medical agencies. People with taxable incomes might be assessed a small percentage of their incomes for this purpose. Those who accepted the free service would be directly compensated; those who could afford not to accept it would be indirectly compensated by not being obliged to contribute to any medical charities. Industry would be taxed about what the workmen's compensation costs, less two portions, the one expended upon the payments for disability of injured employees and the other allowed as a profit for the insurance companies. If the Government or the employers, themselves, handled the insurance against lost wages of employees, the saving resulting would add to the funds. Private life, health, and accident insurance companies would be charged for medical reports furnished them for the issuance of policies and for the payment of claims. Private medical charities might assign their endowments and their plants to the Government at nominal prices. Any payments for temporary or permanent disability arising out of illness or injury being extraneous to this medical proposition, would be made by a separate insurance department or by private companies.

How well State medicine patterned upon the available precedent offered by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy would function will now be shown. It would supply to any and all a free, universal medical service, which might be just as compulsory as our educational system, since no patient should be permitted

to lose his life or health through ignorance or fanaticism. Satisfactory substitutes would have to be recognized, since the wealthy might continue indefinitely to employ private physicians and nurses. They would be compelled, though, to comply with the accepted standards, as are our private schools. Those individuals not sufficiently educated and morally fit to administer to the sick and the wounded, it would largely eradicate, directly by exposing them with impartiality and with no personal profit to the profession itself, and indirectly by providing an organization which would assure harmonious coöperation in proffering to the public the full blessings of up-to-date medicine.

STATE medicine, furthermore, would remove for many the present inhuman impediment to prompt diagnosis and effectual treatment; namely, the expensiveness of competitive medicine, which has instigated the formation of a private commission of nationally prominent persons to investigate its causes. In many instances, nowadays, necessary operations upon children are postponed for purely financial reasons. Too many tired housewives and harassed fathers must forego the cure of annoying impairments because of the forbidding cost. In some cities the member of the middle class with self reliance pays ten times as large a fee as he ought because nine others without self respect pay nothing. People with precarious equities in their homes are often inequitably compelled to pay for services rendered to their families, whereas those with intangible property escape payment.

It would assume entire responsibility for returning patients to work as

expeditiously and as impartially as possible. The conscientious would be discouraged from resuming their occupations too soon, the dishonest would be discouraged from prolonging their convalescence unduly. It would insure patients receiving an examination at the end as well as at the outset of any illness or injury severe enough to keep them from their usual duties. The final examination might disclose defects that would indicate a change of habits or occupations. Nowadays the unintelligent and the parsimonious are willing to spend money upon ineffective, even harmful therapy, but unwilling to pay for a thorough examination uncovering the root of the trouble. Free medicine, alone, would not only make available to every patient all the resources in knowledge and skill of the whole system, but would also supply the means by which they would become most accessible. It would, of course, guarantee physical examinations at whatever periods were deemed desirable for those of different ages and of various occupational hazards.

THIS system would correct the incongruous and unreasonable positions of doctors in the present chaotic condition of medical practice. Recent graduates would become members of the medical corps as soon as they were accepted as internes in a general hospital. As paid officers in the service, they would take more personal interest in their patients and more pride in the standard of their work; whereas now they are too prone to regard their patients' afflictions as impersonal medical problems and are too anxious to finish their appointments which mark the final stage in a too expensive

and extended preparation for their careers as private practitioners. Besides, they could be supervised more closely and disciplined more efficaciously. Instead of serving one or two years during which they give less than they receive they would remain in the status of internes with pay for about five years, being worthy of their hire.

The aspirants for specialties would be trained only after thorough experience in general medicine. When fully trained they would be granted suitable degrees and would not, as are so many immature and untrained specialists of today, be forced to continue to devote a part of their time to general practice in order to eke out a scant living. Being interested only in the financial aspect of general practice, these latter are not infrequently guilty of haste and carelessness, and also of abusing the confidence even of long trusting patients.

THE older physicians in general would not be constrained to do things in which they had ceased to be interested and which they had done just as well earlier in their careers. Under individualistic medicine doctors are frequently compelled to attend to minor cases of illness or injury which do not warrant their particular attention. After any one as learned as a doctor of medicine has lanced one hundred or two hundred boils or repaired an equal number of scalp wounds, he can muster up little enthusiasm for them. He is apt to be rather slack in his technique. And no wonder! At this stage in our civilization the metropolitan bank president would hardly be expected to operate the comptometer or to count out the pay roll for a customer's factory.

The medical officers of higher ranks would also be relieved of emergency and night work so as better to perform their duties of supervision, consultation, teaching, and administration. To undertake delicate operations, in justice to their patients, surgeons should not allow their judgment and skill to be impaired by loss of sleep.

THERE are several other glaring evils of competitive medicine that would be abolished by systematic coöperation. The necessity for individual physicians to render personal service to their patients at all times of the day and night too often induces weariness and brain fag. Under competitive practice, however tired they may be, they are impelled to cater to their patients in order to retain their patients' good will. However fatigued, they must always be ready to solve the most baffling problems in diagnosis demanding keen perception and clear reasoning, or to undertake the most difficult operations, requiring calm courage and manual dexterity. The effects of fatigue can be demonstrated in the physiological laboratory. The direful results of fatigue upon the part of the overtaxed popular doctor have been brought home to many families bereft of dear ones or burdened with invalids.

Haste with its baneful consequences would also be discouraged by collective practice employing the economic principle of the division of labor. Dispatch inevitably gives way to hurry where, on account of the gregarious nature of man, the sick and the hurt flock in increasing numbers to successful practitioners who dare not refuse their services to any for fear of offending them, or who desire

not to miss any fees. Overworked practitioners have been known to dispose of their patients at the rate of one every six minutes; and yet the finger nail is more intricate than the most complicated machine. Hurry results, too, when the idolized busy physician, though jeopardizing lives and limbs, is constrained to make hay while the sun shines. For, competitive practice is so exacting physically, as well as mentally, that the earning power of successful physicians begins to decline at an age earlier than that of other professional men. It is in fact so strenuous that the mortality of the medical profession recruited from a picked class of persons vigorous enough to devote nearly half their lives to study and training is greater than that of the general population, including steeple jacks and aviators. The family physician conducts a one man business entailing continuous hours of duty with multifarious responsibilities as counselor not only in medicine, but often in law and religion, as bookkeeper and investor, chauffeur and mechanic, teacher and head of a family. Little wonder that he blunders tragically.

CARELESSNESS upon which individualistic practice exercises no direct check would be curbed by State medicine. Today even reputable doctors make fatal errors through the negligence of examining their older, more familiar patients incompletely, because of assuming too much knowledge about them; for the human body is so complex that symptoms arising from an affection of one part may be referred to another part. More than one observant interne have remarked about the superiority of the treat-

ment of the ward charity patients who are put through the routine hospital examinations, over that of the private room pay patients whose doctors assume that their familiarity with them renders the cost of such a thorough study unnecessary.

CARELESSNESS is rife among a less reputable class of busy physicians who practice the art of medicine, the easier phase, in contrast to the science of medicine, the harder phase. They have no time or need to keep up to date, because their very success is assured by the foibles of the benighted and the unintelligent. Indifferent to the cause of diseases, they dispense a separate pill for each of the complaints, however numerous. To serve is not their motto, but to exploit. Other doctors equally negligent are those loath to relinquish the care of patients to colleagues better qualified to treat them. Since it has been estimated by experienced drug salesmen calling upon the members of the medical profession that eighty per cent. of the medical work is done by twenty per cent. of the doctors, it is manifest that carelessness as well as fatigue and haste must do incalculable harm, and that there should be adopted a coöperative system with its guides and checks upon its members.

A need that private agencies have not supplied for the public, the public must provide for itself. Since the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the United States Navy, a truly efficacious organization, offers a practical model for the needed medical reformation, it is surely time to dispel the boggy of State medicine and to found this proposed system of Government Medicine.

The Enigma of Telepathy

BY G. H. ESTABROOKS

The world-wide credulity of former years waning under the influence of laboratory experiments, yet with many of its phases still inexplicable

MAN's interest in our subject seems to be as old as the race itself. By telepathy or mind reading or thought transference he means any action of one mind on another at a distance and without the aid of the normal five senses. That distance may be one foot or one thousand miles, and the action of one mind on the other may consist in making the "subject" hear voices, see visions or ghosts, read a list of numbers, or merely have a feeling that something is wrong. In any and all cases it would be merely one form or another of telepathy, so long as the ordinary sense channels of communication were not involved.

This type of action was perfectly clear to the savage. To him telepathy was an everyday experience and anyone who questioned its existence was simply a fool. Why not? He went to sleep and dreamed. In his dreams he was many, many miles away. But, of course, his friends could assure him that his body had never moved. This was proof positive that his spirit had left the body and had gone on these long journeys. Moreover the savage has a firm belief

in all kinds of magic and a horrible fear of the same, so these dream experiences might very easily have tragic results.

For instance, a Zulu chieftain had a dream wherein a white man was giving him something to drink. He awoke from it with a bad pain in his stomach. This was to him ample proof that the white man was trying to poison him by magic, so he collected his warriors, swooped down on the settlement and massacred the lot. A perfectly valid reason to the savage for a bloody revenge, but to the British Government merely another example of senseless brutality which could be answered only by machine guns.

THIS action at a distance which is the essence of telepathy is absolutely unquestioned by primitive man. Perhaps it has its best illustration among the old Australian natives, who are generally placed as the lowest and most primitive of all known races. To the Australian, death was never a natural thing. It was always a result of magic. And magic was something which worked at a distance, involving telepathy in some form or other. So

let us suppose my brother died. According to Australian belief he had been killed by magic. Also, according to Australian customs, blood revenge was a sacred duty. So I went to the medicine man and asked him to discover who killed my brother. He might do this in various ways. One was to take a certain fly, say a few magic words over it and let it go. Then the guilty party was in the direction in which the fly went. So I got together my war party, started off and killed the first member of another tribe whom I met. Justice had then been done. Needless to say his friends promptly organized to pay off the blood debt, and everything proceeded as it should in a well conducted savage society.

IN LATE years science has become definitely interested in this whole subject of telepathy. Probably no one seriously questioned its existence in some form or other up to the middle of the last century. Now there is a hot battle raging over it wherein science is demanding proof of its existence, and those who believe in thought transference are striving to produce the proof so demanded. This argument resulted, late in the Nineteenth Century, in the formation of a number of Societies for Psychical Research. The British Society and the American Society were easily the most important of these, while the newly formed Boston Society is now doing excellent work. These groups are pledged to a scientific investigation of all evidence for the so-called supernatural. Telepathy comes under this head as does also the whole question of spirit survival.

Science has, however, a definite

method of securing facts. Some one has said that proof in science is "repeatability". In other words, I know that certain chemical substances will always behave the same way. If we mix zinc and sulphuric acid, we will always get hydrogen as one result. If we mix nitric acid with glycerine, we are liable to feature in the next day's accident headlines, for we have obtained the terrible explosive nitro-glycerine. In other words science demands an invariable result from every cause, be it in physics, chemistry, mathematics, or what not. When, however, we consider telepathy or any other branch of psychic research, we find that these conditions are never present. I cannot take a medium into a laboratory and guarantee that on every occasion she will give me good examples of telepathy. This may be due to the fact that in my laboratory there is always one very important factor lacking which may be necessary if we are ever to prove telepathy. That factor is emotion.

FOR instance, in all the most spectacular cases we have violent emotions present. The drowning son appears to his father as an apparition or ghost. The husband suddenly has a horrible feeling that something is wrong with his wife and later discovers that she was seriously hurt in an automobile accident at just that time. The mother leaves a party because of a nameless fear that something is wrong at home and arrives to find her house in flames. In all these cases we are dealing with violent emotion, generally that of fear. But unfortunately we cannot get these into our laboratory. It is quite useless to attempt to frighten a subject

every time we wish him to carry out an experiment in telepathy. It simply can't be done, and as a result of this we may never be able really to prove thought transference by laboratory methods. Whether science would ever accept proof by other means than those which she herself has demanded is an open question.

BE THAT as it may, we are here interested in such proof for telepathy as is at present in existence. First, you must bear one fact clearly in mind. Science is emphatic in her claim that telepathy has not been proved. That particular branch of science which is most entitled to an opinion here is psychology. I do not know of one eminent psychologist in America who would openly make the statement that telepathy is a proved fact, while those who regard it as a possibility could be numbered on your fingers. This naturally seems a harsh judgment. You immediately recall at least a dozen cases which seem to yield absolutely certain evidence of thought transference in one form or another. How are they to be explained? Frankly, I do not claim to explain every instance which you might advance, but my purpose is to take such evidence as you may submit and show just why the psychologist is so reluctant to give it the stamp of his official approval.

First, there is the very evident danger of deliberate fraud. The average individual is quite unable to tell when a performance is faked and when it is not. This is a matter for the professional conjurer or for the psychologist who has received especial training along these lines. Examples which would seem to yield absolute proof

can very frequently be shown to owe their *bona fide* nature simply to a clever hoax. For instance, a man recently entered a well known London club and, in the course of the evening, began a heated argument on telepathy. He was emphatic in his claims that it existed and could easily be proved. Finally he offered to bet another club member that he could prove telepathy to the satisfaction of all concerned. He had a friend, he claimed, who had demonstrated it to him a dozen times. The bet was taken up and he proceeded as follows. I venture to say that any one of my readers would have declared the performance genuine.

THE people present were to select a card and show it to the visitor who was defending telepathy. Then they were to go to the telephone, call up a certain number which he would give them, and ask for a certain man who would tell them the card of which they were thinking. Let us suppose they chose the ace of diamonds. The champion of telepathy would then tell them to go to the 'phone, call up, let us say, River 2419, and ask for Mr. Smith, who would tell them the card which they had chosen. You will notice that the instigator of the trouble did not go near the phone nor did he speak to the Mr. Smith in question. And yet, strange to say, Smith immediately named the correct card.

This certainly looks like a very remarkable case of telepathy, but in reality it was simply a clever fraud. The man who was victimizing the club members had, of course, a confederate at the other end of the telephone. Then if you chose the

ace of diamonds you were told to call up River 2419 and ask for Mr. Smith. But note how very simple the whole thing was. He merely had fifty-two names, one for each card in the pack. So if you chose the three of clubs you would still call up the same telephone number but you would be told to ask for Mr. Jones. If the four of hearts, for Mr. White, and if the five of spades, for Mr. Murray. The name you asked for over the telephone immediately told the confederate what card you had chosen. Needless to say, the trick could not be worked twice with the same group of people. But once was quite enough, provided the bet could be made sufficiently heavy.

STAGE performances of telepathy or mind reading are probably always faked. To the spectator they appear marvellous, but actually they could be worked by anyone with a little practice. Generally the mind reader sits blindfolded on the platform while the confederate walks around the audience. By means of a very simple code he signals to the individual on the platform the names of various objects which are handed him. "What have I here?" stands for one; "What is this?" for another; "What do I now hold?" for a third. You can readily see that a good memory and a little care in selecting objects would be quite sufficient to astound the onlookers. Actually you may have seen certain cases wherein the operator in the audience did not utter a word or even where there was only one man on the stage and no one in the audience at all. In the latter case the people in the seats are called on individually and told what they wish to know. These cases are extremely impressive

but can easily be reproduced with a little conjuring apparatus.

One of the most startling types of performance is where the mind reader works in league with a trained confederate, generally posing as a commercial traveller. This trick is especially useful for the small town. The confederate will arrive and proceed to collect all the latest gossip of the town, photographs of the townspeople, the business success or failure of everyone, and forward them to the mind reader. You can readily see that a week in the average small community would give him about everything worth knowing, especially as he is always a "good fellow" who knows exactly what he wants and as no one suspects his real purpose. He forwards all this to his friend, and leaves the town. Next day the mind reader arrives and stages a performance which is often almost uncanny. To be sure he has never been in the town before and can truthfully say he has never seen one of the audience in his life. But the information from his travelling friend is quite sufficient to make up for this handicap.

IN EUROPE last summer I heard of an extremely clever piece of fraud. The mind reader was giving sittings in his own home to a committee of people whose scientific interest could not be doubted. He would retire to one end of the house behind half a dozen closed doors and the committee would choose an object, or a verse of poetry; in fact anything. It seemed absolutely impossible that he could hear them making their choice. Then he would return to the room and tell them of what they were thinking with startling accuracy. The secret was a

powerful microphone concealed in the wall of the room in which the committee were sitting. This carried to the mind reader in his distant corner of the house every whisper that was spoken and of course gave him the information he needed.

FOR such reasons as this you will readily see why the scientist demands that all experiments in telepathy be held in the laboratory behind closed doors. Even then he is liable to have some very severe jolts. Thus, I once set up an experiment which I would have sworn was fraud proof. And yet a couple of mere college sophomores duped me by a trick which I have never seen described and which they thought out themselves. These were the circumstances: I always sat with the sender, or the man who was thinking of the card. The two college men had already worked for me on this experiment, so they knew my habits perfectly. They knew, for instance, that I would have the sender gaze at fifty-two cards one after the other, that I would thoroughly shuffle the cards each time and return the card on which he had been concentrating to the pack, and that I would choose the card by cutting the pack with a knife. Also they knew that my electrical signalling device would sound the telegraph key in the room of the receiver every twenty seconds, as a signal for him to decide what card the sender was at that time thinking of. I had absolute control of choosing the cards and of the signals. Moreover three closed doors and one hundred feet of laboratory separated the receiver from the room in which I sat with the sender. Anyone but a college sophomore would have given it up.

The amazing success of these boys in "transmitting" the idea of the cards I turned up bewildered me until I learned their trick. They had concealed a confederate in a room down the hall where he could watch the sender's door. The sender knew just where I would have him sit and also knew — here was the catch — that his shadow would normally cut off all light from the table lamp we were using, so that none would shine out through the crack underneath the door. So he seated himself in such a way that by a simple and apparently careless movement of his shoulder a beam of this light was allowed to pass and could be clearly seen shining through this crack from the outside.

THE rest was simple. Follow it carefully. They knew perfectly well that they could make an astounding record of "telepathic" success if the receiver could only guess the color — red or black — correctly every time I cut a card. So they agreed that they would *expect* every odd card to be red and every even card to be black. If the cards came up as expected, no signal would be given; if otherwise, then the sender would so shift his position that the light ray would flash out under the door. Thus if on the fifth, or any odd, choice I cut a red card, nothing was to be done. The receiver got no signal, and put down any red card of which he thought. But suppose I turned up a black card, say the ace of clubs. This was contrary to their agreed system, so the sender very carelessly shifted his position in the chair, a ray of light flashed out under the door, the confederate down the hall saw it,

and at once rapped on the receiver's door by means of a piece of string and a weight. This said to the receiver: "That card is not as we have agreed to expect it. Change the color from red to black." Similarly they would expect black on an even color and signal only if it were red. That particular trick I consider one of the cleverest I have ever encountered.

BESIDES these cases of conscious fraud we have unconscious fraud which is at the basis of many parlor tricks. This is well illustrated in what is termed "muscle reading". For instance, you all agree to "will" that so-and-so, who has left the room, will return and play the piano. So you call him back and one of you rests your fingers on the back of his neck. After a few false moves he will generally walk up to the piano and start playing. This is simply because the individual who is touching his neck is quite as anxious for him to succeed as is the mind reader himself. As a result he gives little unconscious pushes and pulls which in the long run steer the performer to the piano.

This "muscle reading" was even better shown in the classical mind reader of twenty-five years ago. He would come to town and announce that he could find any object that a committee of leading citizens would conceal. So the committee would carefully hide a key to the town hall under an ash barrel on the base ball lot and tell him to locate it. He would take the hand of some committee member, in order to get the "thought waves", jump into a buggy and start off down the street at a furious pace. His companion was probably as anxious for success as he was, and

in the general excitement didn't realize that he was always involuntarily pulling the professional mind reader in the direction of the hidden key. The latter simply paid careful attention to these little changes in pressure and eventually arrived at his destination.

THERE are many other factors, however, beside conscious and unconscious fraud, which make the scientist very suspicious of the so-called proofs of telepathy. Chief among these is the amazing acuteness of the senses which many individuals seem to possess. For instance, it used to be a common trick in hypnotism to give a deeply hypnotized subject the handkerchiefs of a dozen people in the room and have him return them by smell. Bergson, the French philosopher, reports an astounding case wherein he thought that a hypnotized boy was reading a book which Bergson was holding open but the back of which was toward the subject. Actually it turned out that the boy was reading the reflection of the page of the book in the eye of the operator! The image of the entire page was only about one millimeter high! Certain points in these claims are questioned. In the main, however, we can definitely say that some people have an acuteness of the senses which is almost uncanny. For this reason experiments wherein the subject might possibly see or hear the operator will always be open to question.

Closely akin to this wonderful acuteness of the senses we have a strange ability of certain animals and men to pick up tiny cues which quite escape the eyes of ordinary people. This may be done either deliberately

or quite unintentionally. For instance, there was once a very wonderful horse in Germany called Clever Hans. He had the remarkable ability of answering questions in arithmetic which would have given a mathematics professor a violent headache. More wonderful still, he did them mentally and tapped out the numbers with his front hoofs while you waited. Now obviously, for the dignity of humanity in general and mathematicians in particular, something had to be done about this mere horse. After careful investigation, it was found that Clever Hans could only answer these questions if there was someone present who already knew the correct answer. People then thought he was a mind reading horse and obtained his results by telepathy. Further careful investigation showed that he was really watching very closely the individual who knew the answer. He would start off tapping and when he came to the correct number that individual would give a tiny but quite involuntary movement of expectation. The horse would detect this and immediately stop.

THIS tendency of animals to watch for "incidental cues", as it is called, is so important that in many laboratory experiments on animals it is necessary for the experimenter to remain completely out of sight. Otherwise the animal will watch him and do what the operator *expects* him to do rather than what he would do if left to his own devices. You can see that if this is such an important factor in a mere animal, the psychologist will always be very skeptical of human "mind reading" where these inci-

dental cues may have given away the information.

Somewhat different from the foregoing but very important for our subject is the tendency of some people to suffer from hallucinations. The most common hallucinations are those of sight. For instance, in hypnotism we can say to a subject, "See the elephant walking down the street!" and he will see it. Or, "Look, the lake is on fire!" and he will agree that it is so. We are literally fooling his senses, and can not only do this with vision but can also make him hear things which are not present, and taste or smell fake substances.

Now, to the average individual a ghost is a very strange and wonderful thing. To the psychologist it is only a visual hallucination such as he can produce at will in hypnosis and which occurs in certain otherwise normal people without the use of any such device. The typical ghost story is the one in which the son is drowning in South Africa and appears to his mother in England as a ghost at just that moment. Or wherein a man is awakened in the dead of night and sees the figure of his wife standing at his bedside. Afterward he learns that she was in a motor accident five hundred miles away at just that hour. We have many such cases in the literature of Psychic Research.

The psychologist will answer these ghost stories with two objections. In the first place, deliberate fraud. Many people seem to get an unholy pleasure from inventing these stories, simply because of the publicity they gain. The second objection takes us right over into probably the most important point to be considered in all

proof for telepathy, namely the statistical evaluation of the evidence. This sounds rather formidable, so we will take an example or two. For instance, in the case of ghosts, we well know that certain people have these visual hallucinations at various times. Now it is quite within the laws of chance that I might have a vision of my father at just about the hour when he was having a severe accident, or was in great danger or was actually dying. And yet it might be purely and simply due to chance. Thus a friend of mine was very much worried over his little girl, who was sick. He was fifty miles away and awakened one night to see her "ghost" standing at the foot of his bed. Panic stricken, he seized a friend's auto and drove at breakneck speed to his home, only to discover that the child was sleeping peacefully and all was well. Had the little girl died that night it would have made another wonderful ghost-story — but actually it would have been simply a coincidence.

PERHAPS we can illustrate the working of these laws of chance a little better if we apply them to material which is familiar to everyone, namely, playing cards. Suppose I shuffle a pack of cards and then cut them. I will use a knife blade to cut with so that I will be perfectly certain to get a random cut. Now, there are two colors in that pack, black and red. So you say I have an even break or a fifty-fifty chance of cutting either a red or a black card. Let us suppose I actually cut a red card. The chances were even or one in two that I would do so. Now let me return it to the pack, shuffle and cut again. The chances are one in two times two, or

one in four, that I will cut a red card twice in succession. They are one in eight against my doing it three times and one in sixteen against its turning up four times in succession. We will not carry this matter any further, but there are means by which I could calculate the chances of my turning up any particular card or combination of cards in that pack in any series of cuts. The same applies to figures or letters or to a series of diagrams.

Science is adamant on the necessity of having data which can be statistically treated. Then, you see, if the mind reader uses such material and puts through a performance wherein the chances against him are five hundred thousand to one, science is immediately interested. Such a remarkable performance would at once demand an investigation.

THERE are, as I see it, two fairly simple laws to bear in mind so as to insure statistical accuracy. The first of these requires that the material be absolutely unequivocal. It is either right or wrong, and there is no room for argument. For instance, I have been present at a number of seances in telepathy wherein some well meaning people would try to impress on the mind reader some object, let us say a cup. The subject would concentrate and then draw something or other on a piece of paper. After this all would gather around and proceed to prove to their satisfaction that they had secured proof of telepathy. Here obviously was a funny line that resembled the handle; and this one here looked like the top; and of course this other one was a very close resemblance to a side. To be sure they were out of place and looked like the psycho-

analytic interpretation of a futurist drawing; but then, what was a little thing like that between friends? The proof was obvious.

But to a hard boiled scientist it either is or it isn't. It's a cup or it isn't a cup, and that's that. He won't compromise and he won't allow you to do so. You're either right or wrong, and there are no half way houses. Consequently he insists that you use such material as cards or figures. Then you can't have any excuse and he can reckon exactly what your chances are of doing a certain performance. If you are consistently above chance, he wants to know why. If you aren't, then no excuses are of any use.

FINALLY, under the head of statistical evaluation we have one of the trickiest of all factors, which must still be watched. This is what we call "habits of thought". Suppose you allow me deliberately to select a card from that pack. Suppose there are fifty-two people in the room, and I ask them to guess the card I have selected. It would be simple to prove telepathy in a single evening if I could but do so. Since there are fifty-two people and the pack has fifty-two cards you would expect that one person in the room would by pure chance make the right guess. But I know that some cards are more popular than others, so I choose the ace of spades. Actually there will probably be half a dozen people guess the card I have picked, and I could beat chance indefinitely if science would but accept such proof. In the same way if I ask you to think of an animal, you will probably choose a lion, and if I ask you to think of

a geometrical figure you will pick a square.

As a result of these thought habits you must take not only the precautions already outlined, but must make your selections absolutely mechanical within the given material. You must, if using cards, see that they are thoroughly shuffled each time and you must then select the card in such a way that you will get an absolutely chance selection. Cutting the pack with a knife does this. Other material must be similarly treated.

YOU now have some idea of what science would regard as a good experiment in telepathy. It must take place within a psychological laboratory. Even the suspicion of fraud must be eliminated, which means that the investigator must have the right of prescribing any system of controls he may see fit at any time. Every possible precaution must be taken to guard against that uncanny acuteness of senses which so many people have. This will generally mean either sound proof doors or considerable distances between the sender and receiver. The material used must be subject to close statistical check, and finally those very annoying habits of thought must be ruled out. So tricky are these last that the only certain way of handling them is to have all signals electrically controlled and worked in such a way that no one, either sender or receiver, can interfere with them once the experiment is under way. This is in addition to the chance selection of the card or number or whatever the material may be.

Thus you can see that the picture which science would draw of the good telepathy experiment is a long, long

way from what you would consider satisfactory proof. Perhaps the most elaborate piece of scientific research along these lines is that by J. E. Coover, entitled *Experiments in Psychological Research* and published at Leland Stanford University in 1917. This huge volume describes a mass of experiments on people who thought they were naturally "psychic" and on others who had no such notion. He worked with various kinds of material, such as playing cards or series of numbers, and his subjects were sometimes in actual contact, sometimes separated by various distances within the same room, and sometimes in different rooms. Finally his results are treated with mathematical formulas which would cause Einstein to pucker his brows.

AS AN example of his experiments he decided to find out if there was anything in the idea which some people have that they can tell when they are being stared at — the feeling of being stared at, he calls it. So he got ten students from the university who were certain they had this power, which would, of course, be a form of telepathy. He gave them one hundred trials each in his laboratory, tossing dice to decide whether or no he would stare at them. They sat with their backs to him in the same room and on a given signal said whether they thought he was staring at them or was not doing so. Then he analyzed the results of the one thousand experiments and concluded that he could find no evidence for the power they claimed. Through all his elaborate experiments, which he describes at great length, we find that his results are completely negative.

Not long ago I myself carried on certain experiments with playing cards in the psychological laboratory at Harvard University. These experiments were always with perfectly normal subjects, generally students at the university. Moreover, sender and receiver were in different rooms, these rooms sometimes being next one another but separated by doubled doors, sometimes one hundred feet apart with three doors between. I have previously described our technique.

NOW actually, the results of these tests were positive, that is to say they were above chance. Yet I hesitate to place too much stress on them for various reasons. In the first place, they were only positive when the rooms were next one another, not when the distant rooms were used, and this looks very peculiar. Then the hoax I have already described, as practised by the two sophomores, showed clearly that fraud was quite possible. Then there were a number of puzzling little factors which were a source of trouble. For instance, even though the adjoining rooms were built to be sound proof, one could hear such a small noise as the dropping of a card in one room or the other with the doors closed. You will see that this gives an excellent chance for the subject, by means of that acuteness of the senses concerning which we have been speaking, to pick up any cues which might be of value. On two separate occasions I had definite evidence that the receiver obtained hints by having the sender quite unconsciously mutter the card of which he was thinking.

Yet there are several reasons why I

would not like to rule out my results as worthless. In the first place they seem too consistent to be explained by fraud or by incidental cues. Secondly, my results showed a peculiar grouping of successes at the beginning of each experiment, before the subject had time to become tired. If fatigue was the only variable factor in the test, and if results varied with it, then the question might be held open as to whether a human faculty was mysteriously involved. Such men as W. F. Prince and Warcollier have also commented on this tendency. It seems peculiar that it should turn up in other experiments if there were nothing in it.

LASTLY, I cannot help but feel that the great requisite to any telepathy experiment is of necessity missing in the psychological laboratory. This is strong emotion. The literature indicates that emotion is necessary, and until we can devise some experiments which make use of it I do not feel we have given telepathy a fair trial. Every now and then I saw this factor apparently working. For instance, on one experiment I was using a new and valued pack of cards. I turned up the jack of diamonds for the sender to gaze at, and as I did so a leaky

fountain pen rained ink on the upturned picture. My thoughts were profane, and probably I said a few things under my breath which Webster does not list in his dictionary. Now the strange thing was that the receiver, when we examined his record, had that choice correct and had a star opposite it. He said that the impression had come with peculiar force and certainty so that he felt practically sure it was correct. Yet, you will see how very difficult it would be to get this element of intense irritation in a long series of experiments. It simply could not be done.

THUS, you see, telepathy is still as unanswered puzzle. Those cases which seem most striking are very hard indeed to refute. But proof in science is repeatability, and every time we attempt to repeat these experiences in the laboratory we have a dismal failure. Why? I do not know. Possibly because the whole thing is a mass of fraud, superstition and faulty observation. But also possibly because we cannot introduce violent emotion into laboratory technique. Which of these alternatives is correct we must leave the future to decide.



A Post-Mortem in Bonds

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

The financial Odyssey of a once reverend gentleman which suggests that even the halcyon days of the South Sea Company "had nothing" on our own times. The story, incidentally, is based on fact

A MIDDLE-AGED woman opened the door. She eyed Conroy with no little suspicion, as if the mere ringing of the doorbell had been a vulgar disturbance in the quiet street.

"What is it you want?" she demanded. "I'm Mr. Webb's housekeeper."

"I came to see Mr. Webb," Conroy replied.

The woman looked doubtful. "He seldom sees anyone. Was it about a book?"

"He phoned me. Asked me to call." Conroy shrugged his shoulders at the chill of his reception, to which he was not accustomed.

The housekeeper's face lengthened from an expression of distrust to one that indicated complete disapproval.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "You're the uh . . . detective person. Mr. Webb is waiting for you." By the tone of her voice, she contrived to make Conroy feel self-conscious and apologetic because he had delayed the unseen and mysterious Mr. Webb. "Come into the library. Mr. Webb will see you there."

She said "library" in much the awed manner in which a royal flunkey might speak of the throne hall.

The house had been built, it seemed to Conroy, merely to contain the library. And the occupants of the house evidently had been born to serve it, as if the library were a living, rare and valuable mammal.

THE very walls of the room were bookshelves from floor to ceiling mouldings. On these platforms, erect and trim, stood squads of volumes, like infantrymen upon parade. And on each wall, the squads merged into platoons, the platoons into companies, battalions, regiments, columns, brigades and divisions: which, in turn, combined with their associates on the other walls, resolved themselves into an army of leather and paper and cloth-backed tomes. Like good soldiers, too, the books were not fresh recruits, still smelling of the presses that had turned them out. They were old, trusted veterans that had supported more than one generation of scholars. Except for an occasional replacement here and there, they were

slightly smoke and dust colored, presumably all the more reliable for their age and experience.

IN THE center of the room, faced by the four walls of his books, stood the man who owned them, like a Marshal of France in the hollow square of his army.

"He should be up on a shelf himself," thought Michael Conroy.

It was a fanciful idea which made the detective smile, while they were shaking hands.

From a chair, Nathaniel Webb carefully lifted a collection of unbound pamphlets and motioned to Conroy to take the place thus vacated. Webb, himself, then stood unhappily in the center of the floor, the pamphlets in his hands and he uncertain what to do with them.

In Webb, Conroy saw a man old as the first edition of Thackeray's *Pendennis*; yellow-skinned as the crumbling pages of Swift's *Intelligencer*; thin as the Biblical *Concordance* on the overloaded mantel shelf; pedantic as the maxims of Lord Chesterfield; modestly self-effacing as an Anthony Trollope heroine, and, lastly, as dry in wit as Nathaniel Webb's own treatise *Upon the History of the Manufacture of Indigo*.

Nathaniel Webb saw no unoccupied spot where he could deposit the pamphlets he held; so, at length, he sat down in his own chair, holding his precious leaflets like a delicate baby, upon his knees.

"They're very rare," he explained apologetically, to Conroy. "They're the printed reports of the famous South Sea Company."

Michael Conroy had never heard of the South Sea Company and the South

Sea Bubble and the London riots that followed its bursting. So he nodded sagely and waited for Webb to explain.

"A detective like yourself, Mr. Conroy," Webb continued, "would find them very interesting. As I see it, the great question is, 'Was there conscious fraud on the part of the directors of the South Sea Company or were they as deluded as their victims?'"

At the phrase "conscious fraud" Michael Conroy straightened up. This was, after all, his province.

"It's all governed by the criminal intent," Conroy observed in a business-like tone. "The tough part of these here jobs is proving the criminal intent in court."

"Precisely," Webb agreed, warming up to his subject and not realizing that their ideas were two hundred years apart, "Now, in 1760, it seemed definitely proven that there was such criminal intent on the part of certain minor officials. . . ."

"When?" Conroy demanded, incredulously, thinking that his ears had blundered. "When?"

"Well, either the investigation of 1759 or 1760 or '61. My memory is so tricky at times, Mr. Conroy. But I'll look it up in a minute and make sure. . . ."

CONROY blinked. He wondered if this old man had sent for him to investigate an Eighteenth Century fraud.

"Please don't bother," Conroy interposed, "Seventeen sixty's near enough to suit me."

"But I like to be accurate," said the elderly scholar. "It won't take long to verify the date."

"Mr. Webb. Before you do that, I

just want to ask, this 1760 job must be all outlawed by now, isn't it? Because I'd hate to have to look all over hell for my witnesses?"

A smile spread over Nathaniel Webb's thin face and his parchment like skin wrinkled as his lips parted with a little chuckling laugh.

"Quite right, Mr. Conroy. The devil took that case under advisement, long ago. But, you know . . ." he spoke regretfully, "it would make an interesting investigation, if you had the time for it." He paused, waiting for Conroy to offer.

"I guess I'd do better at something more modern."

AT THIS, the owner of the house laughed aloud.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized. "I have something more pertinent in mind. In fact, it is something quite of the moment. For your sake, Mr. Conroy, I regret that you'll find it very dull and prosaic, when compared to the South Sea Company's speculations. It's only . . ." he gestured depreciatingly, "only a matter of forty thousand dollars."

"Is it your money?" Conroy had never heard the loss of money discussed with such an academic, nonchalant air.

"It was mine." Nathaniel Webb chuckled dryly. "Now, it seems, it's theirs."

For a second, Conroy entertained the disquieting suspicion that the old man was teasing him.

"I bought the bonds of a hotel corporation," Webb explained. "I bought forty thousand dollars' worth of bonds. Now, the hotel is bankrupt, in the hands of a receiver. I'm told that I'll

be fortunate if I get fifty cents on a dollar back."

"Yes?" Conroy encouraged him.

"Yes. So I just thought I'd have the matter investigated, Mr. Conroy."

"But if it's gone into a receivership, it's doubtful if I can recover any more for you than the receiver will."

Nathaniel Webb beamed, with great good nature. "So my attorney informed me, Mr. Conroy. Oh, I'm quite satisfied that the money's gone. But, as I told you, I'm interested in these quasi-criminal matters. I wish to be informed of the methods by which my money was taken. If you get my meaning, I'd like a full report of the several processes employed to separate me from my investment. A sort of financial post-mortem, Mr. Conroy. I'll be glad to pay you your usual fee for the information."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Michael Conroy.

Again the old man chuckled happily. "Between my physical limitations, I'm not so young as I was, and my dieting, Mr. Conroy, I may add that my curiosity is the only part of me I can indulge."

"I'll be God-damned!" Michael Conroy was as close to speechless astonishment as he had ever been.

* * * * *

IT WAS nearly five weeks later when Conroy returned to the library where, again, Nathaniel Webb was awaiting him. As on his first visit, the pamphlets piled in the visitor's chair had to be removed before Conroy could be seated.

"How do you want me to make my report?" Conroy asked.

"Would you mind just telling me, in your own words?" With perfect

courtesy, Nathaniel Webb hesitated, "I take it that you're not, well, not a specialist in literary composition and, if you don't mind, I feel it would be a more graphic narrative, if you spoke, rather than wrote."

Conroy sighed with relief. "I hate writing like the devil."

"Quite so." Nathaniel Webb settled back to enjoy himself.

THE Reverend Daniel Thompson (said Conroy) was 53 years old and weary of small town Methodism. Providentially, an offer was made to him to "enter business". This financial manna dropped from the lips of a well-fed, well-groomed, glad-handing New Yorker who came all the way from the metropolis in answer to the Reverend Mr. Thompson's prayers and, incidentally, his reply to a "blind" ad. in the business opportunities column of a religious weekly.

The New Yorker brought into the Reverend Mr. Thompson's study the opulent flavor of Havana cigars and a faint aroma of real Bourbon whiskey. This memorable interview was staged in the Methodist parsonage in Ham-bright, Wood County, Ohio, sometime during the early winter of 1922.

As a result of the interview, an offer and a contract were tendered and, with something like a sigh of relief, the clergyman quitted the ministry to become a bond salesman. His clients consisted of the members of former congregations; small town and village shopkeepers, retired farmers, pious widows and even laborers, who were scattered through rural communities in Indiana, Northern Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The Reverend Mr. Thompson, prospering in his new occupation, thought,

spoke of and advertised himself as an "investment specialist". He was successful to a degree that astonished the small town bankers and his own employers. He had much to recommend him to his clients. As a clergyman, he had always been letter-perfect in theology, friendly to his parishoners, punctilious in paying his bills. To these assets in bond selling, he added a confidence-inspiring front and a mouthful of investment jargon that sounded as profoundly wise as the leading editorial in *The Wall Street Journal* during a bull market.

"Pardon me," Nathaniel Webb interrupted Conroy. The old man was twisting uncomfortably in his chair, in evident embarrassment. "But I'm not a Methodist and this Reverend Mr. Thompson didn't sell me the bonds. . . ."

Conroy laughed. "That part will come later. I'm just showing you the background of your own story."

AT THE start, Conroy admitted, the Reverend Mr. Thompson was perfectly honest in his representations. In fact, he was as appalled as any of his unfortunate dupes, when the corporations that had employed him went crashing into the Wall Street gutters.

And Mr. Thompson's surprise was as genuine as his grief, when an inquisitive Grand Jury ordered him to appear before its august self and questioned him searchingly about the securities he had been selling. It was obvious in the Grand Jury room that Mr. Thompson had been, himself, so sure of the financial integrity of the companies that employed him, that his misrepresentations had been made without criminal intent.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," he roared, in his pulpit voice, to his inquisitors. His record, his dignity, his age and his appearance helped to save him from the shame and disgrace of indictments. But, by the time he left the Grand Jury room, the Reverend Daniel Thompson, aged 55 years, was an outcast among men.

In every community where he might have continued in business, defrauded widows, sarcastic men and penniless orphans pointed or seemed to point accusing fingers at him. With such a blot upon his character, he could not return to the church. The self-assurance which had helped him sell the bonds now reacted against him. His own savings were gradually eaten away.

The Reverend Daniel Thompson was "through".

DESPERATE and embittered, he came to New York. He found employment, selling first mortgage bonds for a real estate firm that was building a series of apartment houses in Harlem and the Bronx. It was the only job he could obtain. This time his customers were the sole dupes. He knew the true value of the paper he was peddling. Again he was successful and he forced his employers to pay him the "wise-price" in commissions, which the real racketeer salesman always demands.

When his company crashed, Mr. Thompson had an even \$100,000 in the type of negotiable securities which he did not sell. He was, now in his own eyes, admittedly a crook.

He borrowed the sophistry which rules Broadway from the financial houses by Bowling Green, up through the coat and suit and furs and silks district to the theatrical forties: "No

income tax guy asks you *how* you made it. All they want to know is *what* you made."

Now, Mr. Thompson had a hundred thousand dollars of working capital. And, added to it, a working knowledge of the science of promotion. He decided to launch himself in business.

"It must have taken frightful courage, you know," Nathaniel Webb remarked. "You've got to admit he was resourceful. Now, if I were caught in any such predicament, I'd be absolutely helpless."

"But I'm trying to tell you," Conroy's tone was grieved, "Reverend Thompson, he's the fella got your forty-thousand, took you for all that jack. . . ."

"I understand, Mr. Conroy. At least I judged that was the point you were making. But you can't help admiring his resourcefulness, can you?"

Conroy looked very blank.

So (Conroy proceeded with the history) the Reverend Mr. Thompson went down to a resort on the Jersey Coast. He selected a sprawling city that is patronized extensively by religiously-minded people and there, the ex-minister decided, was the spot where he would build a hotel.

Nathaniel Webb, with his air of complete satisfaction, rubbed his thin yellowed hands together. "Pray continue, Mr. Conroy. I find this very stimulating," he said.

THOMPSON, for he was now dropping the "reverend" except when actually selling stock, spied a desirable site for his hotel. It was a vacant lot, on the beach front and board walk.

The price of the property, Thompson learned, was \$120,000. It had

risen to that figure from \$80,000 as soon as Thompson exhibited a willingness to buy it. Deducting living and promotion expenses from his hundred thousand, Thompson had but \$65,000 to spend.

"I'll pay you \$60,000 cash for half the lot," Thompson told the owner. "For the front half. That's all I need to build on. I'll buy the front half outright for sixty thousand and put a mortgage of an additional sixty thousand on the rear half. As soon as I get my building under way, it will increase the value of the rear half enough to protect you on the mortgage."

This struck the real estate dealer as a sound proposition. His price had been really \$80,000, so he was getting three-quarters of that in cash plus a mortgage of sixty thousand on an improved property. The deal was made.

THOMPSON, now owner of a sufficient frontage for a hotel, hired an architect to draw preliminary plans, and incorporated as the "Great Eastern Hotel Corporation", a corporation organized under the laws of several of our best Eastern States. This company had, as its avowed business, the building and operating of a \$3,000,000 apartment hotel—"to be operated for Christian people and without the objectionable features of the usual resort hotel," the prospectus stated.

"That means one must have references and two must have baggage," Conroy added.

Thompson promptly spent \$20,000 in excavating for a cellar on his lot and \$10,000 in printing and promotion.

At this point, Thompson went back to the real estate dealer.

"I want a tax valuation assessed

on my hotel lot," he said. "I want it right."

The real estate dealer was "very close" to the city's Mayor, Common Council and Board of Equalization and Assessment. It was very simple to arrange to have the lot, worth \$60,000 and now holding a \$20,000 excavation, assessed for a modest \$360,000. The improvements, the assessors figured, easily made the property worth so much more. With most property owners always protesting that assessments were too high, it was a pleasure to meet a philanthropist like Thompson who begged them to raise his.

So the Reverend Daniel Thompson, the individual, made arrangements to sell to Thompson, president of the Great Eastern Hotel Company, the site of the hotel. And what was fairer than to sell it for its assessed valuation? No stockholder could protest such an arrangement.

"Let's see. That makes Thompson a net profit of \$270,000, doesn't it?" Nathaniel Webb remarked with beaming tranquillity.

THE Great Eastern Hotel Corporation now owned a site worth, officially, \$360,000. On the basis of this real estate, the company was enabled to sell first mortgage bonds for \$3,000,000, to cover the construction and furnishing of the building. And, strangely enough when all the bonds had been sold, the Reverend Daniel Thompson had retained none of them. He had graciously permitted the general public to absorb them all.

"And he'd made \$270,000 out of it," Webb repeated, wonderingly.

"Wait," Conroy warned, "that's only a drop in the bucket."

Webb settled himself to listen.

About this time (Conroy added) Thompson organized several small corporations. There were a plumbing company, an electrical firm, a flooring concern, a hotel supply corporation and several others. They all furnished labor or materials to the Great Eastern Hotel, got paid in cash although the building contractor was not so reimbursed, and then went out of business.

THOMPSON was perfectly legal in his manipulation of these small companies. As required by law, he advertised for bids on the work to be done. But, in each instance, only his own companies could entirely meet the specifications which the Great Eastern Hotel Corporation had laid down.

"Let's be conservative," Conroy remarked, parenthetically. "I guess Reverend Thompson made \$250,000 through these little companies."

"That's \$520,000," Webb reckoned, triumphantly.

"Call it an even half-million," Conroy replied. "He'd had some expenses, too."

Then, as the hotel neared completion and the building contractor was clamoring for a substantial payment, the \$3,000,000 collected by bond sales vanished from the bank. It had all been spent, although experts had pronounced the sum ample to build and launch the hotel.

The Reverend Mr. Thompson had one last, profitable card to play. As president of the Great Eastern Hotel Corporation, he leased to Daniel Thompson, the individual, the entire top floor of the hotel as a private residence at the very nominal rental of

\$10,000 a year. The lease was to run ten years.

But, just after the lease had been drawn, he changed his plans. He sold his lease to a mid-western millionaire for \$50,000 cash. He felt the need of a long rest abroad, and on December 11, last, he sailed for England. I think his name, on the passenger list, was Hickson. I'll guess that he's changed his name at least twice since."

"BUT the hotel's there, all right?" "Oh, yes, Mr. Webb. The hotel's there. It's running under a receivership. But, as I explained to you, the builder wasn't paid and so he has a contractor's and mechanic's lien upon the building. By the time that's paid off, the property will be all run down. First mortgage bonds are valueless, while a contractor's or a mechanic's lien is on a building. I'm sorry to say, Mr. Webb, that you might as well figure your \$40,000 gone."

"And there wasn't any way I could have been protected?"

Conroy considered. "Not really, unless you knew the property and the people who were running it. You see, if Reverend Thompson had been on the level, he would have bought a bond, from a bonding house, to protect his own bond holders against loss by contractor's and mechanic's liens. He could have done lots of things. But, he didn't have to. He was almost legal in every move he made."

Nathaniel Webb digested this information. "I'd like to meet the Reverend Daniel Thompson," he sighed, regretfully. "Don't you think such a man could write a very interesting book, now don't you, Mr. Conroy?"

Our Inefficient Police

BY HOWARD McLELLAN

*If the civic spirit of America equalled that of England,
would the costliest police force in the world permit
an unequalled reign of lawlessness?*

ON A fair night last April two plain clothes men from Scotland Yard were making their hourly round through Hyde Park in London. They came suddenly upon a young woman and an elderly man seated on a bench at the edge of a path. Now it is no offense for representatives of the two sexes thus to make use of the benches in this famous park, for the conveniences obviously were placed there for that very use. But Hyde Park has been the spawning ground for many crimes, and discretion is vested in London police to pick up whosoever they think are deporting themselves in an unlawful manner in the park. Patrols work the park in pairs to eliminate the possibility of an abuse of this discretion.

The two Yard men arrested the couple, and over their vehement protests escorted them to the nearest police station. It developed here that the man was Sir Leo Money, aged 57, of Bishopgate Avenue, East Finchley. He had served twelve years in Parliament and had been a member of the War Government. His companion was Miss Irene Savidge, aged 22, member

of a highly respected London family. She had known Sir Leo a long time. He was, in fact, the intimate friend of her fiancé, and it was about her forthcoming marriage that the two were talking when arrested.

IN THE station house Sir Leo's wrath flamed. "You do not realize what this means!" he cried at the two officers. "We are both respectable persons!" Sir Leo then went to the telephone and called the Home Secretary, who is overlord of Scotland Yard, and protested to him. While he was pouring his wrath into the telephone, a stranger stepped into the station and handed one of the plain clothes men an umbrella, which Sir Leo had left standing against the bench. The stranger then departed hurriedly. In the confusion the police let him go without questioning him or asking for his name and address.

In magistrate's court the prisoners were discharged. "It is strange," the magistrate remarked, "that in this case there was an opportunity for the police to obtain corroborative evidence from the man who came up with the defendant's umbrella. They

did not grasp that opportunity." Costs in the amount of \$50 were assessed against the police.

And within a month after this court action, Parliament instituted an investigation of Scotland Yard's methods. A little later Sir William Horwood resigned as Commissioner of Police and Viscount Byng, hero of Vimy Ridge, accepted the call to his place. In October, Major-General Sir Wyndham Borlase Childs, Assistant Commissioner of Police and head of the British Secret Service, tendered his resignation. The Money-Savidge case led to these retirements. In the gray building on the Thames Embankment which houses Scotland Yard there is considerable fear and trembling and much shifting of personnel. It is unusual to hear of inscrutable, fearless Scotland Yard trembling at anything, yet so it does and the issue which inspired the tremor has assumed national political importance.

THOUGH there is some talk that Scotland Yard overstepped itself in calling Miss Savidge before its trained inquisitors after her discharge by the magistrate, the Parliamentary inquiry and the upheaval are attributable to a simple inefficient act. The Yard men who made the arrests did not grasp their opportunity to question the man with the umbrella. From the British official and civilian viewpoint this was an unpardonable police sin.

Apparently to the British mind it makes little difference that the 19,880 men and 50 policewomen who comprise the Metropolitan Police solved every one of the twenty-seven murders in London during 1927; that the force, although 181 men below its

normal strength, increased the number of arrests and convictions in that year. The rights of two citizens were jeopardized by a neglectful act of the police. That, to the British mind, constitutes an offense which warrants Parliamentary investigation and a shake-up of what is perhaps the most efficient police force in the world! They take their police seriously, also their constitutional rights, in the British Isles.

* * * * *

How vastly different in the United States! Here we have the world's highest murder rate, flood tides of crime, gang murders at the rate of two a week in our largest cities, a crime bill that costs ten billions a year, according to various estimates, and the most expensive police establishments known in the history of civilization. We have underworld combinations, racketeer alliances, murder and kidnapping clubs, twenty-thousand-dollar funerals for ex-convict gangster kings, gambling, beer running, pickpocket, fence and burglar trusts, and the weirdest assortment of criminal organizations. The colossal crime machines with which fictionists regaled us and overtaxed our imaginations a decade ago are today realities surpassing the imaginative creations of the story writer. Alliances between ward politicians, the police and crookdom have been revealed in official investigations in six different States.

Yet during 1928 not a single legislative investigation comparable to the British inquiry was started, so far as is known, in the United States. The Briton finds reason to mistrust his police machine over a simple act of

neglect, and instantly starts the legislative machinery. Though Scotland Yard is the most efficient police organization in the world, it is not quite efficient or safe enough for the British citizen. On the slightest provocation, one that would be sneezed at in the United States, the British Parliament jumps down the throat of the Metropolitan Police. With this picture, contrast the American police machine.

* * * * *

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1928, the Department of Commerce, regarding the occasion as appropriate for retrospection and new resolutions, put out a bulletin showing that the cost of policing American cities is ascending the same steep road travelled by the costs of being respectably born, correctly married, adequately doctored and decently buried. Statisticians in the Department of Commerce laid emphasis upon the revelation that police departments in 250 American cities in 1926 cost almost double what they had cost in 1916.

In 1926 the cost of operating and maintaining police departments in 250 cities, representing 35 per cent. of the country's total population, was \$171,167,243, exclusive of pensions, interest on city bonds and charges for equipment and buildings. Expenditures for police represented 10.4 per cent. of the entire cost of the city government, while the *per capita* cost was \$4.09. In 1916 the cost of policing 213 cities in the same population class was \$67,647,508 and the *per capita* cost \$2.10; an increase of \$103,520,000 or almost threefold in ten years.

Weighing these figures, one's mind

may run presumptively to the conclusion that a police machine that has doubled in cost in a decade must be twice as efficient. Bigness reflected in tremendous costs is impressive. It staggers the citizen and it should stagger the crook. And to be sure there are more policemen on the streets, who dress better, smile oftener and excite the taxpayers' admiration. In a detached way the citizen feels safe, but unfortunately in spite of the increasing cost and size of American police machines the crook, too, shares that sense of security and reflects it in demonstrable ways. Are there not more gunmen and bandits at work, operating oftener and for bigger returns, and organized on a basis hitherto unknown in history?

THE winning smile of today's well dressed police perhaps has much more to do with our sense of added security than is imagined. On this score is the evidence of an expert, J. B. Waite, instructor in criminal law at the University of Michigan, who in addressing the assembled hosts of law and order at a convention of police chiefs said:

"Police should adopt a courtesy slogan, 'Courtesy Pays: Service with a Smile.' They will find that without any change whatever in the amount of service they give they will have the average public *thinking* it is getting fifty per cent. more service than it is now."

Whereupon the convention endorsed a movement to set aside one day each year as Police Day in every city, "so that proper respect be made to the Police Department." This spirit was further fostered by a resolution calling upon police everywhere to

"pay attention to the tendency on the stage to provoke laughter at the expense of the police, so that reports may be submitted to chief executives of all departments with full particulars as to time and place where such entertainment is being given." Here is a warning that the smiling police of our cities must not be kidded!

* * * * *

IF AMERICAN business men applied the same tests of efficiency to the police that they apply to their sales and factory forces, what would they find?

Let us assume that the business man is one of the 6,000,000 persons who depends upon New York police for protection of life, limb and property, which is the only reason we have police. The New York department is the oldest, largest, costliest and popularly conceded to be the most efficient force in America. It is a fair criterion by which to judge other departments, for the New York department is their pattern, or they hope that it is, and the increased cost of policing is true of all cities covered by the Department of Commerce survey.

In 1927 the New York department had a personnel of 17,672 policemen, or about three policemen to 1,000 inhabitants. The cost of operating it in that year was \$45,018,725, which was \$3,714,147 more than was spent upon the same task in 1926. Salaries of patrolmen range from \$1,769 to \$2,500 annually. In 1917, when war called forth one grand protective movement and all, including youngsters, were enlisted in protective organizations of one kind or another, the New York force consisted of 10,916 men, and the cost of the department was \$18,200,-

000, or approximately only 40 per cent. of the cost in 1927.

The \$3,714,147 increase in 1927 over the previous year went for salaries of 1,722 new men added to the force. In 1926 1,800 men were added to the force, making a total increase in personnel of 3,522 police, added at a cost of \$6,000,000. At the end of 1927 the crime rate in New York city, according to police statistics, was four per cent. lower than the previous year.

IF A business man had employed 3,522 new salesmen in his private business, thereby adding \$6,000,000 to his payroll, and discovered only a four per cent. increase in sales, very likely he would not call in efficiency experts but would, instead, get rid of the entire new increment. But with the public police business infinitesimal returns are satisfactory. Said *The New York World*; editorially:

It is a gratifying picture which the Police Commissioner paints of the fight his department is making against crime. . . . What is so discouraging the criminals? First and foremost the increased efficiency of the police — and the stronger efficiency of an increase in numbers.

The New York Times editorially echoed its neighbor's comments, but added that "less than half as many citizens were the victims of robber-gunmen in 1927 as in the preceding year".

A reassuring picture. Instantly one envisions the armed policeman standing between murderous thug and honest citizen, ready to battle and protect; and of course it is to be confidently presumed that in the artillery duel the citizen will suffer less from the

fire of the policeman's gun than will the fusillading robber. The police are trained shots. One takes that for granted.

Yet, incredible as it may seem, the odds favor the bandit when police shoot. During 1927, although the fact is not recorded in annual police reports, seven innocent persons were killed and eight were wounded by what are officially described as "stray police bullets". These victims were not involved with the police; they were bystanders. Each was shot in a separate police battle with men who were not being sought for murder or other major crimes but for lesser offenses, from grand larceny to "supposedly being wanted by the police of other cities". Three of the men under pursuit were killed and three were wounded, and of the others shot at the majority escaped.

During the same year seven policemen were killed in the performance of their duty, so that the number of citizens killed by the police equalled the number of police slain in action. Thus, in a year when 1,722 new men were added to the force and the cost of the department increased by almost \$4,000,000, police safety and efficiency were reflected in an appalling increase in the number of citizens slain by police bullets.

BUT, the explanation is offered, the police were at war with criminals, and in war the innocent must often suffer. According to the rules of war this holds true, but if more innocent noncombatants were killed and wounded than soldiers it is not difficult to perceive that such a war would not be a success. Officially, the citizen casualties were described as "unavoid-

able accidents". New York is terribly congested. Bandits are brazen. The police can afford to take no chances. They shoot with caution and precision. Accidents will, they must, happen under such circumstances. But were these killings and woundings "unavoidable accidents"?

On this score *The New York Evening Post* in August, 1927, furnished relevant testimony:

A survey by *The Post* following the death of five civilians from police bullets this year disclosed that there are only fifty expert revolver shots in the force. Only 800 men — five per cent. of the force — have qualified for the two lower grades of sharpshooter and marksmanship.

FROM this evidence it is fair and logical to conclude that the casualties to citizens were due in large part, if not altogether, to poor marksmanship. It raises the presumption also that the more policemen distributed among the populace, the greater the risk to citizens. There were far fewer casualties among citizens in 1917, when there was one policeman to every five hundred inhabitants, than in 1927 when the ratio was increased to three policemen to 1,000 population. Figures are not available on citizen killings from other cities, but the marksmanship is as bad, if not worse, in large cities outside of New York. In Chicago a policeman chasing a negro fired seventy-two shots at his quarry, fifty of which were discharged at a range of not more than seven feet. None took effect. The negro was not killed until he crawled under a platform and lay motionless upon the ground. Many similar instances of wild or inaccurate shooting are on record in many cities. In a recent year

eight policemen on the force of a large city died of gun-shot wounds, five of which were self-inflicted.

There is no desire here to belittle the bravery of the rank and file in police departments. The number of officers who have met death in performance of their duty has greatly increased in the last five years. Perhaps poor marksmanship, such as that reflected in *The Post* survey, in the civilian casualties and other instances of disastrous gun-handling by the police, partly explains the fatality rate among policemen. It probably has a lot to do with the fact that gunmen no longer flee from police fire in abject terror, but stand their ground and give pitched battle. Would they do this if the police were up and up on their shooting?

THE police theory that all citizen killings and woundings are "unavoidable accidents" and therefore lack the elements of negligence which would hold the police criminally and civilly liable, is not tenable. The city has admitted its liability. Faced by threats of heavy damage suits, the New York City Board of Aldermen in December, 1927, after the citizen casualties had caused sharp criticism, passed an act providing for awards to persons wounded by stray police bullets. A woman who was shot in the ankle by a policeman who was chasing thugs he did not capture, collected \$6,740 from the city and was voluntarily given an additional \$2,000 by the Police Benevolent Association, a mutual benefit organization within the department. Another woman was awarded \$550 by the city for wounds inflicted upon her nine-year-old son by police bullets. Many other demands

for damages arising out of "stray bullet" casualties are pending.

Nor did the head of the department act as though the civilian shootings were wholly "unavoidable accidents". When the alarming increase was coupled with the discovery that only five per cent. of his force were qualified shots he forthwith increased the target practice periods from two to four a year, but he did not discipline the officers who were responsible for the death and wounding of the non-combatant civilians.

IT is presumed that a policeman upon entering the service expects to see much of gun-play and should, therefore, be inured to it. Gun-shy men are not supposed to find their way into police departments. They do, nevertheless. A story is related by a rifle instructor about three rookie policemen who had assembled for target practice. One was toying with his revolver. It went off and shot him in the leg. The two brother rookies standing by fainted! Two policemen were in a speak-easy when a pair of bandits entered with artillery in firing position. One policeman fainted in front of the bar; the other ran to a back room and began firing. When the smoke of battle cleared it was found that one of his bullets had passed through the visor of his comrade's cap, as he lay upon the floor unconscious. Observing this, the policeman in the back room fainted while the bandits, unharmed, walked away with the bootlegger's takings.

Poor marksmanship is not an evidence of police incompetence — that is, from the standpoint of the department. Two years ago a young New York policeman was in a restaurant

when his revolver was discharged, the bullet striking and seriously wounding a waiter. The Police Department classified it as another "unavoidable accident". The officer was not disciplined. He claimed to have been cleaning his gun at the time, although it would seem that there are better places than public restaurants in which this hazardous task may be done. One of the remarkable sidelights on accidental police shootings is the preponderance of cases where gun-cleaning is done in public places. At least the defense interposed at coroner's inquests and police hearings is most often built upon gun-cleaning accidents.

In the summer of 1927 a corporation paymaster asked for a police escort to guard him while taking a large payroll from one part of the city to another. The policeman who had shot the waiter was detailed to the job. He rode in the paymaster's motor car. Next day the paymaster was found slain. The policeman was missing and so was the payroll. The money was traced to the policeman. He was arrested for murder, tried and convicted and is now in the death-house where, until a few months previously, another policeman, also convicted of citizen murder in New York City, awaited execution. The defense of "unavoidable accident" was not interposed in behalf of the paymaster's slayer, as had been done in the shooting of the waiter. He disclaimed any and all knowledge of the slaying.

OBVIOUSLY it would be unfair to stigmatize entire police departments as poor shots because of the shortcomings of a few. The general run of our hired protectors are brave, and

their jobs are difficult. But from the standpoint of the public are they as safe as they should be, as safe as one would expect them to be, in return for the heavy tax investment they require? Is there a danger that as our departments grow in cost and numbers they become more unwieldy, less safe?

"Well," Mr. Citizen probably would say, "they may shoot a little wildly in a moment of excitement, but on the whole they are more efficient than ever."

Are they?

* * * * *

IN OUR systems for administering criminal justice the police form the most vital element. It is their task to catch the criminal, gather the evidence against him, and then turn both over to the prosecutor and courts, who in turn hand over the offender to probation boards, prisons and corrective institutions. If the police are inefficient or indifferent, the rest of the elaborate and costly machine breaks down with chaos and tremendous waste in consequence.

Yet, as important as police efficiency is to our scheme of self-government, no scientific method has been devised to measure that efficiency. Statistics there are, in great abundance, covering the number of arrests and convictions, but the data are gathered in haphazard fashion and poorly classified. From these we get what solace we can. If there are fewer arrests and more convictions, crime is decreasing and the police are growing more efficient. We must be safer. No attempt is made at scientific study of the policeman's ability or intelligence or his aptitude for the important work

assigned to him. Time study and other efficiency tests are applied to workers in business but not to the police.

IN ALL the other activities of municipal government — education, transit, traffic, water supply, finance, building, street cleaning and garbage removal, expert methods are employed to determine the efficiency of men and machines. The services of these experts are not in greater demand in police departments because police tradition is against them. The belief exists within departments that policemen are born, not made, though the expert invariably finds to the contrary. The public, too, regards the policeman as a romantic figure. The so-called high-power mystery stories help along this romantic view of the police. Their detective-heroes are transcendental fellows with rare powers of deduction. Even the patrolman has a camera eye and a ratiocinative sense. By instinct he knows a crook when he sees one. The reading public imagines that cops in real life follow the story book pattern. The number of policemen who possess these qualities in actual life are to be counted upon the fingers of one hand. But that hardly matters. The thrillers lull us into the conviction that our police are not only efficient but are gifted with uncommon psychic powers.

In the writer's contact with many detectives he ran across one sleuth who was supposed to be a Sherlock Holmes in the flesh. He got his man where others failed. He did not look the part. He was crude, uneducated and spoke almost entirely in the slang of the underworld. He was pointed out as a true "born detective". Newspapers widely exploited his prowess

and gave him a fancy title. But the romance built around him fell when the secret of his success was accidentally exposed. In his vest pocket he carried what the police dub a "gow box". In this, a small pill container, he packed a supply of cocaine which he forcibly took from drug peddlers.

When he sought information about a crime, or the perpetrator of it, he disappeared into the slums and in an out-of-the-way alley met a cadaverous drug addict. The "gow box" was brought out, the addict was invited to take a pinch of "snow", and then the detective told him what was wanted. The drug fiend, to whom cocaine meant more than gold or liberty, immediately set out for underworld haunts in search of the desired information. Underworlds are honeycombed with drug addicts; they come and go as they please; they see and hear much that the police want to know but cannot learn first hand. Presently the addict returned to the alley and gave his information to the detective and, in return, got another pinch of the drug. The detective got his man; his efficiency was played up on newspaper front pages, and inwardly he swelled with pride and counted himself a good samaritan to the dope fiend whose cravings were satisfied with drugs taken by the detective from prosperous and well supplied peddlers.

IF OUR increasingly expensive police are more efficient than they used to be, why do we have the elaborate systems of private protection which have been built up during the last decade? Consider the private detective. He flourishes in greater numbers than ever. His services are available to

clients at from \$8 to \$25 a day plus expenses. We have certified, guaranteed, bonded and licensed detectives. At least 100,000 private sleuths make up this large army, which is chiefly at work supposed to be done by highly paid public police. The head of a large private detective agency says that there were not more than 20,000 private detectives in the country ten years ago. Thus, along with the increase in public police, has come a fivefold increase in private sleuths.

Private detective agencies supply the so-called "crime preventive signs" seen in great abundance on private property throughout the country. These signs are intended to warn thieves away. The supposedly potent element is the name of a well-known detective who heads the agency. The signs are rented at an average cost of \$3 a year. Hundreds of thousands of them are in use. One large corporation employs 10,000 signs and renews the service each year. No one ever goes to the trouble of hanging out a sign warning thieves that now that police departments have doubled in man power and cost they are more efficient and hence a greater menace to the thief. It is fair to assume that such a warning would carry little weight either with the business man or the thief.

THE Mayor of a large city consulted a private detective agency about a criminal investigation involving irregularities in his private business. It was a matter the police should have handled.

"What? You have no faith in your own police department?" the Mayor was asked. He was reminded that in his annual message he never failed to refer to the police in glowing terms.

"Oh, a man's got to be a good fellow!" he explained; "and travel along with the crowd and pat the boys on the back. The public likes to have the police praised."

In addition to private detectives are special police in the permanent hire of corporations, hotels, banks, theatres, industrial plants, stores and transportation systems; spotters, credit tracers, repossessors who locate missing mortgaged property like motor cars and furniture. They are in evidence everywhere. They draw good wages, for the jobs are in demand. About 300,000 men find employment in this field.

OF MECHANICAL devices to prevent and detect crime there is no end. The variety is extensive and ranges from tear gas billies, which emit blinding fumes that overpower the thug, to massive bank vaults and protective wiring systems for entire skyscrapers. Doors, windows, showcases, residences, hotels, banks, factories, are wired against crooks. Bullet proof windows, devices built into bank vaults so that imprisoned victims may get fresh air from the outside, burglar alarms of more than one hundred different types—the supply of anti-crime devices in this day of bigger and better police would easily fill a 200-page catalogue. A glance at advertising pages in bankers' magazines will reveal any number of new devices and systems that have been placed upon the market in the last decade when, as the Commerce Bureau points out, our police costs have been doubling.

Armored money trucks, each carrying two or three armed guards, are common sights in city streets everywhere. Banks are built today with

hidden machine gun emplacements. Check protecting machines, and safety check paper of many varieties, have a wide sale. One of the first questions asked about a mechanical device when it is perfected today is, "Can it be used in anyway to prevent or detect crime?"

AN IDEA of the cost of private protection may be found in the experience of a group of public utility corporations in one Far Western State, who got together in 1925 and computed their losses from crime and their protective costs. They charged the criminals with taking or destroying \$36,000,000 worth of their property. For private protection during the year they had spent \$35,000,000. Apparently it was the kind that didn't protect, which presumption led one of the corporation heads to remark that "We would have saved money if we had piled \$35,000,000 worth of our goods in a vacant lot and invited the crooks to carry it away. That would have eliminated the payment of \$35,000,000 for private protection, which brought the total charged to crime up to \$71,000,000 for the year."

Nowadays nearly every industry that produces things men can steal has its own coöperative protective agency. The total cost of this huge protective machine, private and public, is not known. Some authorities say it costs three billions a year; others say the figure is double that. The latter estimate is generally accepted as the more accurate. If it is, then the cost is \$6,000,000,000. That being so, why worry about comparing

police costs with education expenditures? The New York Police Department alone now costs more than the National departments of State and Justice combined! And \$6,000,000,000 annually for the entire police machine, private and public, means that for this vital commodity of organized government we are paying more than the total cost of our national Government, including Army and Navy!

* * * * *

AVETERAN city editor once told his reporters that when news was scarce they could turn about and roast the police. He justified this by saying that unless the police were occasionally reminded that they had to be on their toes they would lapse into a state of self-content and let the public go hang. He was a far-sighted journalist, with a capacity for looking beyond police smiles, nine figure costs, and huge machines. His theory was not far wrong. It finds support from the police themselves. A police chief in a medium sized city was asked by the New York State Crime Commission what training he gave each of his rookies. He replied:

I tell him he doesn't need anybody to tell him how to enforce the law. I say, "You know the Ten Commandments, don't you? Well, if you do, you go out on your beat, and when you see somebody violating one of those commandments you can be sure that he is also violating some law."

To which he might have added, recalling the advice of an instructor of the University of Michigan:

"And smile, damn you, smile!"

The Retarded Tenth

BY SAMUEL D. LEVY

A Justice of the Children's Court of New York discloses the prevalence of juvenile sub-mentality, from whose victims the underworld is recruited

SOME historian of a wiser future is going to grow a fruitful crop of reflections from the discovery that when the United States, in the third decade of the Twentieth Century, became suddenly excited over the increasing criminal menace, it took no step effectually to bar the enemy from his most fertile recruiting ground.

This recruiting ground is the public school system with its two million-odd children who are below average mentality. For it is these children, this Retarded Tenth, made up of the dull, the backward, the border-line or actually feeble-minded, who today provide an underworld depleted by internecine strife and the heavy artillery of punitive laws, with its most dependable source of recruitment.

To speak of the Retarded Tenth is, of course, to coin a phrase for the sake of emphasis. The figure is, after all, only an estimate. A scientifically exact ratio is impossible, because too few communities keep the necessary records. Odd as it may seem, such records are not kept even by all cities struggling with a crime problem. And on the basis of incomplete returns authorities differ widely. Ten per cent is

probably a safe compromise, and is, moreover, based upon the records of thirteen years' work upon the bench of the Children's Court in New York City. Certainly no startled citizen will be justified in calling it an exaggeration.

JUST why this Retarded Tenth, who would seem likely to be less resolute and therefore less harmful than their more normal schoolmates, move so inevitably toward criminality, is easy to demonstrate. And perhaps the best demonstration lies in the chronology of a typical case. Consider, then, little Johnny White.

At six, Johnny is enrolled in some community school system. All such systems are built around the admirably democratic but unfortunately erroneous theory that all pupils are able to do the same work in the same time. At eight, however, it becomes plain that Johnny isn't doing as much work as the majority. His teachers note this, but they ignore it. They can do nothing else under the circumstances. They already have twice as much work on their hands as they can properly perform. The overworked

teacher is one of the practical defects that public indifference has grafted upon the nation's theoretically perfect scheme of equal educational opportunity for all!

Johnny reaches the age of ten. Suddenly the teachers find they cannot ignore him. He is no longer a harmless dullard. He is a dangerous problem. A constant trouble-maker. A constant truant. A constant bully. A thief, to boot. He may have faults even more vicious.

At eleven, Johnny lands in a juvenile court. There, under some very gentle handling, he gives an explanation of his conduct.

"Aw!" he says, "I wasn't going to let them laugh at me. I was twice as big, and two years older, and everybody kept calling me, 'Dummy!' Well, I showed 'em. I hit that kid with a brick to learn him not to laugh at me." Or, "I swiped that stuff to show 'em I was smarter than they were."

Upon analysis, Johnny's explanation reveals two motives. Revenge! "I hit that kid to learn him not to laugh." Sorely hurt self-esteem: "I swiped that stuff to show 'em I was smarter."

It is unnecessary to follow Johnny White's chronology any farther into crime. We have discovered the two spurs that would, almost inevitably, goad him down to the underworld.

IT is, perhaps, unfortunate that the Retarded Tenth are not born just a little more akin to Robots. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that they possess the normal emotional reflexes. If they didn't, if they were placidly indifferent to the cruel young mockery of their brighter schoolmates, society's criminal problem would be consider-

ably simplified. Unhappily, they are, when all is said and done, human. One of the two emotions of revenge and injured self-esteem is certain to be aroused. And then, inevitably, Johnny White becomes malignantly anti-social, a menace, and a menace which must have an increasing amount of attention. Because Johnny White is not merely Johnny White. He is the Retarded Tenth. He is two million and more Johnny Whites.

I say, "an increasing amount of attention," because of course society is already doing something. Society has been, for these many years. There are ungraded classes, a great boon to Johnny, in most of the important school systems. Welfare workers keep an attentive eye upon him. And more and more cities are establishing that benevolent supervision which only a juvenile court, functioning at its highest level, can give.

EVERYTHING which is being done, however, is not half enough. It isn't a quarter enough. How can it be, when recruitment to the criminal ranks causes the Oregon Legislative Assembly to stand alarmed at "the *constantly increasing* number of delinquent, incorrigible and subnormal children, *already* a burden to the State"? How can it be, when J. E. Wallace Wallin, of Miami University, finds that among 2774 children examined for suspected mental deficiency, 444 had misconduct records?

And I will go even beyond Mr. Wallin. I dare say that out of fifty children brought into my court, forty-five will be below normal mentality.

Perhaps all that society is doing is not a tenth enough.

An editorial writer in a Middle West

city, when discussing a public evil, is fond of assailing a class of people he calls "forgodsakers." A forgodsaker, he explains, is one who hears of a problem, and then reaches for his golf sticks and bolts away, crying, "For God's sake! Why doesn't somebody do something about this?"

The United States is made up almost one hundred per cent. of "forgodsakers" so far as the Retarded Tenth is concerned. For of course everyone has heard of this problem. It is fully understood. No one, any longer, believes that criminals are the growth of a night. Everyone concedes that they are the consequence of such conditions as bad environment, bad associations, irreligious or otherwise bad homes.

And even the most casual observer is aware that such conditions are made-to-order to affect, above every class, the one discussed here. What other class is so likely to yield to the enticements of bad companions, to the subtle suggestions of a bad environment, to break down because of a lack of that guidance which only truly moral homes can give?

THE "forgodsakers" will, naturally, pay for their indifference. Until they do something the criminal population will exact a heavier and heavier tribute as more and more children, turned anti-social by neglect, bring forth more and more offspring who will in turn become anti-social.

In this there is an ironic justice which would be rather pleasing if one could forget the children who are being neglected today. The thousands and thousands in every State—inheritors of congenital diseases—the unwanted members of quarrelsome, unmoral, irreligious households—the issue of

submental or subnormal parents. The tossed and battered survivors of divorce courts. The unguided offspring of working fathers and mothers. The worse than unguided offspring of drug addicts.

For it is from such parents as these that a majority of the Retarded Tenth come; from such that almost all of the Retarded Tenth who drift to the juvenile courts, or worse, come. Children who grow up under such unhappy, unholy, improper or unfortunate auspices, have an initial predilection to do wrong. And as those fatal impulses toward revenge or self-justification are quickened by cruel experiences, such a predilection easily develops into deliberate, anti-social decisions.

SUCH decisions are far less likely to result when the child comes of parents who are comfortably situated. These probably have no greater sense of responsibility, but they have the means wherewith to meet that responsibility.

Truancy, or some slight misdemeanor, the usual initial manifestation of anti-social tendencies in the Retarded Tenth, is likely in the case of a child from a poor, or poor and indifferent, family, to be the first paving stone on a road that leads inexorably to the underworld. In the case of a child from a well-to-do family it is more likely to be the alarm bell which arouses the parents to thoughtful, special guidance. Such guidance almost surely leads the child into activities which develop a full social competence.

For of course nothing in this discussion is to be taken as meaning that the vast majority of the Retarded Tenth cannot be made into useful citi-

zens. If this were not so this article would make a plea for bigger and better asylums and stop.

The dull child, the backward, all save the most extreme case, can be easily made into a valuable member of society. Indeed, once he clears those formative years in which most criminals germinate their anti-social tendencies, he is likely to surprise us with his competence.

FIFTEEN years ago there were two brothers. One was bright, unquestionably so. One was dull, unmistakably. Both were in an orphan asylum, the first because he had no other home, the second because of misconduct which included truancy. Both were put under the kindly care of volunteer welfare workers. In such hands the bad, dull boy steadily developed a single talent. This was a gift for shrewd bargaining. Today he owns a profitable business. His brother, on the contrary, has failed to achieve any success. Yet today if the two were given an intelligence test the dull brother would rate fifteen, even twenty-five per cent. below normal and the bright brother would rate twenty per cent. above.

This may incline someone to argue that such tests prove nothing. But this very anecdote indicates that they prove a great deal. Without them the dull boy's dullness would not have been uncovered, he would have received harsh treatment and his anti-social tendencies would have developed. Today, instead of standing forth as a worthy member of society he would, probably, figure in the news as a gangster.

It must not be overlooked, either, that this is an exceptional case. Not

all, or even an important fraction of those rescued from the anti-social element of the Retarded Tenth, make outstanding successes. Miracles are not as easy as that. They do, however, almost always prove competent. They follow manual trades easily and efficiently. They may rise a grade or two above the rank and file in such trades.

The fact to be marked is this. They cannot attain such efficiency, or so rise, without help. And at present society's neglect is so general that hardly any receive help: Only the few who can be snatched up by the woe-fraughtly overworked courts and aid societies, and the still fewer who luckily possess responsible, understanding parents.

The rest, the vast majority, fly from the bitter experiences of school to the streets, and in that psychological moment become potential criminals. From then on they are recruiting material for the underworld.

WHAT can be done by a few juvenile court judges, however earnest? What can be done by earnest Protestant and Catholic and Jewish Big Sisters and Brothers? What can be done by all the other meagrely equipped welfare agencies?

Much, in the individual case, of course. But how very little in the aggregate. How little more it is, even when the welfare agencies combine with the teachers in the ungraded schools.

How much must be left undone when, even in New York City, where remedial work has been going on for twenty years, there are only 361 classes for 50,000 mentally handicapped children, according to the Superintendent's report. If this report

is correct there should be not 361 classes but 2500. In other words, on the basis of this report, the backward child in the richest, greatest city of the richest, greatest nation in the world, has less than one chance in six of receiving that special training which would make him into a valuable citizen, and an asset to the State.

The probability, however, is that the Superintendant is too optimistic. His 50,000 represents only five per cent. The total ought to be doubled, judging from juvenile court records and from the records of child-caring institutions and from the reports of leading psychiatrists. And in this event 5,000 classes would be needed, each with its specially trained teacher.

In New York City, alone, this would mean forty additional schools, and throughout the country thousands.

For it goes without saying that ungraded classes cannot be crowded into the present physical equipment. Such classes are made up of problem children who are totally different from normal children, socially, mentally, physically. In many cases they exhibit at the earliest possible age sex perversions of the gravest character. They are, then, a menace to normal mates. And yet, notwithstanding, it is common sense for the State to turn them into useful citizens. And over and above this it is the State's solemn, humane obligation.

IT IS, however, an obligation which the State is not meeting. Beyond cavil, the public schools are turning out an army of failures. It is, moreover, an army of failures which becomes at once a menace, since the unhappy experiences of each member have bred a "grudge complex" no less

dangerous for the state than for the individual.

* * * * *

THE condition being set forth, what is the cure? Or, to begin with, what is not the cure? Says an eminent investigator: "Sentimentality, hysteria, blind rage, or drastic punishment will not cure youthful delinquency. It cannot be checked by threats of prison walls or the gallows." Then he goes on to answer the first question. "Youth needs profound understanding, skilful guidance and all the resources of modern science during the critical period of growth in order to solve his infinitely difficult problem of readjustment."

But this is, of course, an abstraction. What are the current concrete suggestions? Well, they are many and, alas! largely superficial.

Wages should be raised to attract a higher type of probation officer. Juvenile court judges should be appointed for life, subject to dismissal only because of misbehavior. And the police urge more police. And the religious man urges more religion. And the social worker urges more humanity. And the economist argues for a bigger family income. And the legislator cries for more severe laws!

"Given these," they all say, "your Retarded Tenth will cease to figure importantly in the criminal problem."

If that were only true!

There would be some improvement, naturally. All of these suggestions are good.

But we are constantly raising welfare workers' wages. And would juvenile court judges be better if appointed for life? And the police forces grow

every year. And religion is more and more stressed. And so on.

Yet the condition grows worse. Having swung through the familiar circle of more police, more this, more that, we find we must swing through it again, and again.

The permanent gain has been little. Particularly do more drastic laws give little permanent gain. They deal only with effects. If permanent good is to be had it is the causes that must be eradicated.

In a word, if the Retarded Tenth is to be reduced to something less than ten per cent. our efforts must begin with the child at the earliest possible age. We must start from the etiological foundation if we are to check crime. For crime has its genesis in the criminal's infancy.

TO MAKE such a start we must have, first of all, largely increased appropriations for educational purposes throughout the United States. The sums that are set aside now to punish the criminal adult must be spent upon the child to prevent him from becoming a criminal.

There should be such funds available as would make it possible for every community to start every child in a kindergarten at the age of five, if not four.

Upon entering kindergarten every child should receive a thorough mental and physical examination, regardless of cost. However expensive, it would be a saving over the future court costs that it prevented.

The records of these examinations should include the family history as far back as possible — data on the mental, physical, sociological, economic, biological, and pathological an-

tecedents of parents, grandparents and all other blood relatives, on the order of the exhaustive reports now being made by the Child Welfare Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

These records should be permanent and supplements should be added not less often than every six months.

With such records and supplements it would be possible for schools to establish the normality or sub-normality of the child at the outset and to detect the first sign of retardation immediately.

Promptness in such detection, naturally, is the crux of the programme. Any measurable delay might seriously impair the individual's chance of becoming a useful social unit.

At the first evidence of retardation, or of any subnormal or abnormal condition the child should be put under close, sympathetic supervision. If the condition persisted he should be turned over to the physician and psychiatrist for medical treatment.

JUVENILE courts have found that a large percentage of their cases are suffering chiefly from a lack of proper medical care. Dr. Max Schlapp, in his posthumous book, *The New Criminology*, written in collaboration with Edward H. Smith, has much to say upon this. "Feeble-mindedness," he states categorically, "in which the seeds of a vast amount of criminality repose, is constantly on the increase." This conclusion he bases upon investigations which include the treatment of many hundreds of cases in the New York Post-Graduate School clinic.

But he points out that this increase can be checked, that "the mere provision of a lacking gland hormone," is

sufficient to change a cretin, a potential criminal, into a normal, social-minded being. This he has done with children of all ages. It is a treatment successful in many extreme cases. Such a case is that of a boy, "A".

"A" was brought to the clinic at the age of two, unable to stand on his legs, gravely retarded, feeble-minded. After only fifteen months he showed marked progress. At the age of eleven (when the Johnny Whites frequently are well started on careers of misconduct) he was "a healthy, bright boy, *ahead of his proper grade* and ready for a life of usefulness."

INDEED whatever the ailment, glandular, congenital, luetic, if it is discovered in time and promptly treated, there is a strong probability that it can be cured, or at least arrested in a majority of cases. If, on the other hand, the condition is of a different sort, if, let us say, the child shows simply an unconquerable inaptitude for purely mental work, then to protect him from those contacts which foster anti-social emotions he should

be placed in a group where manual aptitude is admired. There, in all likelihood, he will find his niche and be happy.

The extreme case should be sent out from the special classes to special institutions. Whatever the cost, such an institution would quickly pay for itself.

ALL OF these things the State should do. Years, naturally, must elapse before such a programme could be completed. But it is the final decision of the most thoughtful students of child delinquency that once established it would never be abandoned.

Coming generations would continue it with gratitude. Whether the present generation would see important results is beside the point. Someone must make the start. The results in the future are in no doubt. In such a future the criminal problem will grow more and more simple in so far as it is complicated by the Retarded Tenth. There will be no Retarded Tenth. There may not even be a Retarded Twentieth. Perhaps not even a Retarded Thirtieth.



The Resistant Strain

BY DONALD AND LOUISE PEATTIE

Science and sentiment, human passions and the blind forces of Nature, blended in a romantic drama of the land of the Creoles and exiled Acadians

ALL night the wind swept in steady onslaught over the lonely leagues of the cane fields. And all night long, Chris Crane, in his bunk under the rattling tin roof of the improvised field laboratory, listening to the guttural Teutonic snores of his comrade-in-arms, had lain wakeful, as one who watches in stealth beside a trap he has set for his enemies.

Now, in the early daylight, his boots dripping with the fecund black muck of the Louisiana bottom lands, he slid under the microscope the plate he had brought in from the plummy marsh edge, and peered down upon it, trembling with more than the cold of a rain-fraught morning.

They were there — the seeds of the cane rot he was fighting, the infinitesimal hordes of destruction, pitted against the Government of the United States in the tall, red-headed, brown-skinned person of Christopher Crane. Mysteriously they had moved, spreading ruin from mile to mile of sugar wealth, defying sprays and soil sterilization and quarantine; and now he had caught them, millions of almost invisible spores, magnified to

fantastic demons, shot into the culture on his plate like bullets. He heard Von Kahlden come yawning into the room.

"THIS thing is wind-carried," Chris said, in the low, taut voice that with him masked excitement.

"Donnervetter!" said the German, nudging him away from the lens, "Let me see. Herr Doktor Professor Crane," he grinned, straightening, "you haff done it again! Thousands of plates haff been exposed by the local State specialists, with noddings on them. Now you produce spores like rabbits out of a hat."

"Trouble was," Chris explained, one eye screwed to the plate, "they all exposed their plates in the daytime. Left out the important little factor that during lowered nocturnal temperature the relative humidity of the atmosphere increases, causing the spore cases to rupture by absorption of water vapor, releasing the spores. Last night's high wind has probably spread these nasty little critters twenty miles."

"And vot," propounded his as-

sistant, setting podgy fists athwart his girth, "iss to be done about it?"

"The planters," Chris told him decisively, "have got to quit raising cane for a while."

At the dictum, Von Kahlden's fuzzy eyebrows shot up. "Dod will make them raise Cain of anodder kind. A regular Red Revolution of Cain."

"Can't help it," said Chris with brief finality. "It's the thing — the only thing — to do to check the cane rot."

THAT was Chris Crane — if it was the thing to be done, one did it. That was the clean-cutting unison of mind and action that was making his name known as far away as the other side of the world. Men in Berlin or Tokyo or the laboratories of Russia, men who scarcely cared to know the name of the President of the United States, would say, when some one spoke of the Department, "Oh, yes, they have Crane. They do some fine work there."

At Washington, that knife-like purpose had made him the hope and despair of his official superiors, who knew him as "The Kid," the *enfant terrible* who quailed not before chief clerks, Congressmen, or budget-worshippers. Though he worked contentedly for the lowest salary, for his rank, in the service, he spent appropriations like a Grand Duke on a spree at Monaco, when it came to spectroscopes for detecting some rare salt in the chemistry of a plant cell, or laboratory glassware which, if it was graduated wrongly to a fraction of a millimeter, went with a contemptuous clatter into his wastebasket.

It was that resolve without ruth that had brought him now to a

lonely twenty-nine, and this little frontier blockhouse of science against the invading armies of *Schlerotina sacchari*. Chris quit the microscope and sat down weakly, his head ringing.

"Goffee, you need, and more quinine," pronounced Von Kahlden, putting the pot to boil and shaking a white capsule into his horny palm. "I haff seen malaria the way they haff it on the Guinea Coast. We haff no time to get malaria here. Svallow him, boy."

"Lord, my head rings like a bell already!" groaned Chris, gulping the pellet and fixing a muzzy blue gaze on the corrugated iron wall opposite.

THAT sound in his head was like the clatter of Placer Creek when the mountain snows melted, and it shot, a yellow arrow, in its gulch that bisects the town of Chimborazo, Colorado. He had an odd vision of himself, at fifteen, scuffing down the sands along the gulch, walking alone, with his mind on chemistry, that had been his high school gateway to the kingdom of science. Other sounds came to him now — the screaming of the magpies in the mating season, rising, blurs of black and white, in clouds before him as he trudged among the cañon willows and the alders; and from the porches of the shanties above the gulch came the strum-strum of ukuleles and the laughter of girls' voices mocking his solitary walk. Girls' voices in the vague, unhappy beauty of green spring twilights. Girls up there on the porches, behind the cheap enchantment of morning glory vines, sitting close to their beaus in the hammocks, bending their heads together over the ukes. Chris knew

that Chimborazo thought of him as "queer", a boy with a resistant strain that kept him off the siren rocks of those front porches. But Chris knew too that science is a jealous mistress, and the years it takes to woo her are lean ones.

THEN had come Harvard, long hoped and worked for, and the true world of science. And at the end of it all — four years' work in three — there had been Class Day, when the night sky was spangled with confetti, Japanese lanterns, and the light-tossed water of the fountains that play for Harvard men just once in a lifetime. Light as the spray of those colored waters had risen the bubble of girls' laughter. Girls, lovely girls, admitted for this one night to the monastic quiet of the ancient Yard, till the shocked and upright walls of the Georgian dormitories echoed with the carnival of their voices. And Chris had slouched against an old door frame and thrust his hands into his pockets — the only hands, that night, empty of a slimmer hand, warm, fragrant, thrilling.

Chris sighed and rubbed his foggy eyes, and got up to go to the laboratory table, where, pushing back racks of test-tubes and trays of chemical reagents, he found a clean sheet of paper amid the litter of books and notebooks. And while Von Kahlden at the other end of the plank table rattled expensive forms of laboratory glassware like a Swedish cook, Chris set about the task of making out his disturbing report to the Department.

When the last of the closely written pages had been sealed in the envelope, he gave them, characteristically, no further thought.

He plunged forthright into a fresh and vital problem, the task of finding something with which to back-fire on the wildfire spread of the epidemic. In five more days he had found out enough about the life history of the new parasite to convince himself that none of the old disease defenses would do.

"Air-borne spores, soil-infection carried by nematodes, and chronic root-trouble — this thing has got us buffaloed if we can't find a resistant strain," he complained to Von Kahlden.

"Ja!" snorted the German, "and while you demonstrate the resistance, we rot down here like the cane — years, maybe."

"Weeks only — if what I'm doing has any theoretical value."

"Well, I can't eat theoretical bread. The pantry's about empty."

"I'll go into the store at Bayou Barataria for more supplies. Write me a list of what we need," said Chris, turning back to his alchemical tasks. Not even Von Kahlden wholly understood what it was that Chris Crane was trying to discover, as he sat at a table with a pair of earphones over his head, these connected with little bottles full of juices of different strains of sugar cane, and these in turn buried in a bath of warm water, and connected with electric batteries.

"When you're through lizzening to sugar cane talk," said Von Kahlden, "here's your grocery list."

CHRIS took it and got up, removing the earphones reluctantly. On the table were pages and pages of closely tabulated figures in columns marked Strain A, Strain A1, Strain B, etc. Von Kahlden shook his shaggy head in a mystified admiration for the

painstaking, cabalistic records of "The Kid."

"Can't hear anything, anyway, what with the rain on the roof and the quinine in my head," said Chris as he climbed into his rain coat and drew his shabby old hat down over his red thatch.

"You can't get your Lizzy through that road," Von Kahlden warned him. "The rain's made it a mud wallow. Better go by river."

"Somebody's getting through the road," Chris said, looking from the window where a big car came slashing through the muck. He had a momentary vision of slim shoulders in a glistening green slicker, of a dark head bared and lifted to the wind, as the long gray giant shot splashing on toward the village.

"*Ja!*" admitted Von Kahlden. "That car gets through. Mud is noddings to such people. But we are the proletariat — take the clam-boat."

SQUELCHING down to the rowboat, Chris pushed out into the waters of the Bogafalaya, lazy child of the Mississippi, coiled tress of the great waters streaming to the sea. All down the water lanes, under the arching boughs of the cypresses, the surface of the river dimpled in the rain. Lick-lock, lick-lock went the monotony of the oars. From time to time Chris stopped, amid the ghostly gnomes' knees of cypress, to wipe the rain from his glasses. The water broadened out now into the Bayou, and his little scow shot through a flotilla of pelicans, gabbling solemnly; for all the world, thought Chris, like retired Admirals in the smoking room of the Army and Navy Club. Ahead

on knock-kneed stilts rose Dascom's General Store, a weather-silvered shanty that supplied necessities to the whole neighborhood.

As he moored the craft and climbed the rickety ladder, Chris saw on the dock the big gray car again, but it was empty, though a group of the loafers who flourished on the docks like the moss between the planks had gathered to examine its shining nickel appointments. They gave him a long stare as he passed, and followed him into the dim, cheesy-smelling jumble of the store, where the pale, equivocal face of Dascom rose above his coffees and calicoes.

THE Crackers strayed into the shadows at the back of the store, oddly watchful. Chris, nodding to them, fished his list from his pocket, and began: "I'd like a pound of coffee, Mr. Dascom, five pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed cream —"

"Ain't got no condensed cream for you," said Dascom.

"Well, I'll take the coffee and sugar, then."

"No coffee. No sugar neither."

"No coffee or sugar! Well, give me tea."

"No tea, for you," said Dascom.

Chris looked levelly across the counter into the malarial yellow of the storekeeper's eyes. "What's up? Why the boycott?"

"Your money ain't no good here, that's what," Dascom told him grimly. "We know what you're up to, you and that Hun down in the marshes."

"I don't get you," Chris shrugged, nonplussed.

"You run the cane out, and you'll run us all out." Dascom leaned on his

ham-like knuckles in menace on the counter. "This country *is* cane."

"And I'm trying to save it."

One among the shadowy loafers laughed. "Tryin' to git the Gov'mint at Washin'ton to run us out! We've heard!"

"I RECOMMENDED," began Chris with serious patience, facing the audience ranged at the back of the store, "that sugar growing should be suspended for one year, to starve out the spores of rot that have now established a chronic center of infection here. By that time a resistant strain may be found. But if you give the rot a chance to spread, the whole Delta will be a source of ineradicable disease. The spores will live on in wild grasses and in the soil, and ruin the industry here permanently."

"We don't want no four-eyed the'rists comin' down here and tellin' us how to grow our cane," said a belligerent voice from the crowd.

"And we don't want your trade," said Dascom, and pushed Crane's list back across the counter with a hostile thumb.

Chris shut his jaw and turned to the doorway. It framed, against the silvery shimmer of rain-pitted waters, a slim young figure in wet green, dark head spangled with drops — a flower blowing on its stem.

"Will you wait just a minute?" the girl commanded swiftly, and went to the counter, while Chris stood staring, with the old ache of spring-time starting freshly through his blood.

"Mawnin', Miss Bienville," said Dascom, richly willing; "what can I do for you?"

The girl picked up the crumpled list

that Chris had left on the counter.

"I'd like a pound of coffee, if you please, Mr. Dascom. Five pounds of sugar. Four cans of condensed cream. Two loaves of bread, a dozen oranges, a box of salted crackers, two pounds of bacon and a pound of American cheese. How much will that be, Mr. Dascom?"

Dascom stared, a long blank stare, and then collecting himself, he turned to his shelves and selected the order, while a muted snicker rose in the room and died discreetly out. The girl put the things calmly in her market basket.

"That's two dollars and eighteen cents, Miss," said Dascom, shortly.

"That will be two dollars and eighteen cents, please," Miss Bienville politely told Chris, and handed him the basket.

Speechlessly he got the money out of his pocket; she took it and laid it on the counter, and they walked out together into the blowing drizzle.

As CHRIS began to stammer thanks, she broke into blithe laughter.

"Wasn't that fun? The fat pig — he trimmed sail rather quickly, didn't he? The Acadians around here call father 'the Gran' Seigneur,' you know. I am Jeannine Bienville." She said it with a quiet ease of privilege more simple than any air of modesty.

Christopher Crane introduced himself diffidently.

"I'm down here on this cane rot problem."

"I know," said the girl. "Or I thought I did until I heard you explain yourself in there. There's going to be trouble about your report, you know — the news of it came down from Washington. You're up against a very

big problem," she told him gravely. "Sloth. We've been settled in these backwaters for centuries, and life's as sluggish as the bayou waters. They can't think new ways. They don't know anything but cane — cane as it's always been and always will be, they think. These spores of yours — they just resent them."

"But the cane's done for if they don't rotate for a year," Chris argued incredulously. "Surely, the intelligent element — the big planters —"

"My father," said Jeannine briefly, "is the biggest planter in St. Lazaire parish. He's four-fifths of it. And he's dead set against you."

SHE had got into the big gray car, and now she turned her dark cropped head, curling finely in the wet, and looked down at him with brown eyes that flooded him with perturbation, so that he was washed for a moment quite off his disciplined balance.

"And what do you think?" he asked, recklessly plunging deeper in the clear brown warmth of those eyes.

"I think," said Jeannine, turning her gaze to the hands that played with the wheel, so that only a momentary tuck at the corner of her red lips betrayed her, "that you have got some missionary work to do. Why don't you come to dinner tonight at the Manse and give us a lecture on spores?"

"Might I?" he accepted with an awed gratitude, watching those slim and blue-veined hands that would have played the spinet three generations ago, as they deftly started the car and slipped the clutch.

"Tonight, then, at eight," she told him, with a bright nod of her blossomy head; and the gray dragon roared back

along the dock, wheeled and plunged down the Barataria road.

CHRIS rowed foggily back to the little sheet iron shack in the marshes. For weeks he had lived in a fantastic world, minified to the diameter of a microscope's sharp lens — the glades and forests, turquoise and emerald, the hyaline and ghostly world of the fungi, the horde of man's ambushed enemies that some day may destroy him with their cobweb threads as the Lilliputians bound down the sleeping Gulliver. Into that Neverland of monstrous *minutiae* Jeannine had come walking, a laughing wind, a blowing flower.

On the top of the litter swarming over the laboratory table a letter lay, greeting Chris as he stamped wetly into the shack — a long official looking envelope with the Government frank. Von Kahlden looked up from the slides he was staining.

"A *billet doux* from the Chief, to answer my report," said Chris, with his mind on two slim wrists, and slit the envelope with a dissecting knife.

In a moment he put the letter down with a short laugh like iron jarring granite. "We're recalled."

"*Zum Teufel!*" Von Kahlden clattered slides. "Vat's up?"

"He hints that opposition to our work from the powers that be is causing the Department considerable embarrassment."

"Politics!" grunted the German.

"Politics," agreed Chris bitterly, "putting the nose of science to the grindstone. The Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled hold the purse strings — and the old Chief has to bob and duck. Somebody up there on the Hill is go-

ing to get in bad if we raise trouble by a sugar cane ban, and is pulling strings. Strings that are meant to tie us up tight — this letter is practically an order to pack up and come home like a good boy."

Von Kahlden gave an asthmatic sigh. "When do we start?"

"**W**E DON'T." It was the relentless purpose that was Chris Crane's essence speaking. "I never left a problem unsolved, and I never will." He fished in his khaki pockets. "Twenty-seven dollars and thirty-four cents. How much have you?"

Von Kahlden conferred with his treasury. "Thirty-two."

"Total: fifty-nine thirty-four," said Chris. "And the stuff in the basket can be rationed out to last quite a spell. Before we starve, I'll have found out what I'm after."

"You are going to get in bad," remarked Von Kahlden softly, watching Chris with contented gooseberry eyes, as he stripped off his coat and sat down before the batteries. "Und I am going vit' you."

"Good egg," said Chris briefly; and slipping the earphones over his head started the generator running beside the water bath. He slid the indicating needle down the scale, seeking that tiny gap of silence in the ringing sound that was the noise of the electric current running through the cane saps in their tubes. That gap gave the index number of the plant's resistance to the current. If he could find a sap with an index number high enough, he knew he had the strain of sugar cane he sought, the strain with the high salt content, that, if God was good, would mean resistance to the invisible hosts of the disease.

The rain drummed more heavily on the tin roof as the hours slid by. Under the monody ran another sound, the boiling hiss of the Bogafalaya, spilling over its banks, swelling in wrath. Thunder rumbled a sullen threat over the Delta, and a green-stemmed blossom blew lightly before the man's tired eyes as he scribbled and figured and made the same tests methodically over and over.

At dusk the rains paused, and by eight o'clock, Chris, in what clothes of ceremony he could conjure up, had rowed his way up the seething river to the lights of the Bienville Manse. They shone across an expanse of drenched lawns made mysterious with ancient magnolias shedding a reminiscent perfume. As he approached the portico looming whitely high into the sweet and sodden night, an air of tragic dignity and age stole out to him. There was nothing like that in Chimborazo. Not even Brattle Street, Cambridge, with its fan-lights and elms, had it. Nothing wholly American could ever take unto itself that melancholy content, that serene conservatism, that a French country house, on either side of the Atlantic, inevitably acquires.

THE colored butler admitted Crane, and in a moment he was taking the white petal of Jeannine's hand and being led forward to meet Bienville, a man so silvered by time that he reminded Crane of nothing so much as a mountain pine drifted down by Placer Creek and left to bleach on the sand-bars. A touch of palsy gave his head, an extraordinarily long head, with the skin drawn white across the skull, a continually negating air. To everything that aristocratic cranium seemed

to say "No, No!" but the voice of Bienville greeting his guest was perfect courtesy, not cold so much as it was remote.

THERE was another guest, a heavy, handsome man, with high color and a silky moustache, and Chris, acknowledging his introduction to the Honorable Beaufort Porcher with a grip of the large moist hand — like a piece of raw beef — saw light in a sudden flash. Porcher — the name had gone back and forth over his unconcerned head up there in Washington — Porcher, then, he gropingly put it together, was the *deus ex* the Government machine.

"I believe it's thanks to you, sir, that the Department sent me down here," said Chris.

"We had hoped," admitted the Honorable, smoothly touching his moustache, "that you would find us a cuah for our cane trouble." There was regretful reproach in his voice, the soft-voweled voice of the professional Southerner.

"I had hoped," said Chris cheerfully, perceiving the attack, "that you'd take it when I found it."

"Giving up cane," Porcher suggested, "is hahdly a cuah for cane."

"It's the only cure," Chris told him, still undismayed by the heavy tone of censure. "They've only to rotate for a year."

"Only to rotate!"

"When are you up for reëlection, Mr. Porcher?" queried Chris affably.

The Congressman slanted the oysterish whites of his eyes towards Chris, and said shortly, "In anothah yeah, suh," before he turned to Jeannine.

What a simple formula it was, thought Chris, as Jeannine drew them in to dinner. This Porcher, concerned for the temporary prosperity on which his vote would batten, was willing to let the future of the Delta go hang, to let the rot spread unchecked through its acres.

Then, taking his seat at her left, Chris caught the gleam of Jeannine's shoulders in the candlelight against her high-backed chair, and was drawn again into that garden where the fruit of life hung shining, tempting him who had so long gone hungry. Aloof and unattainable she shone in the lustre of dozens of candles in silver and crystal sconces that alone lit the room, until she turned from the sonorous Porcher on her other hand and met Chris's eyes in a glance like a hand-clasp. Not a flower on its stem, he thought — a flame on a taper.

"WON'T you tell us what you are doing for our cane, Doctor Crane?" Her clear voice cut through the polite murmur of Porcher and his host. They turned, the two men, a gaze toward him, at once inimical and courteously amused. And Chris, who never in his forthright life had paused to argue, apologize, or justify himself to the opposition, methodically arranged a spoon beside his plate, and turned his grave attention to Jeannine.

"Just now," he explained to her, "I'm trying to find a strain of sugar-cane that shall be resistant to the rot. I think I've almost got it. But of course after that its resistance will have to be practically demonstrated, and if it is a success it will take time to propagate it. Meanwhile, as I've reported to the Department, cane must be dropped in the infected area for a year".

"An obviously impracticable course," observed Porcher smoothly; and the pale blue twinkling eyes of Bienville gazed through Chris, as chill and far away as Vega.

Under the soft command of Jeannine's eyes, Chris went on to explain inherited resistance, and F-one and F-two generations, and the freezing-point lowering of saps, and the delayed germination of encysted spores. She followed him with an eager intelligence, and deftly, now and then, managed to draw in Porcher and her father, but only for the merest indulgent moment. Chris knew that the charge she had so gallantly launched for him was lost at the beginning. Suavely the enemy refused to join in battle.

"**H**ARK to the rain!" Bienville said dreamily, pausing with his delicate wine-glass upheld. "The rains in Spring are charming. They so bring out the perfume of the magnolias."

The Honorable touched his moustache with napery in an apology for contradiction.

"I feah, Monsieur, these rains are moh' serious than you'll consider. Really you shouldn't stay on at the Manse. If the levees should fail to hold —"

"The levees have always held!" Bienville set down his glass like a gavel of pronouncement. "The rains will pass." He waved them away with his withered white hand. The swollen river muttered from below the perfumed lawns, and Bienville smiled and lifted his glass and said, "Jeannine, *petite*, go play us something of Mozart while we finish our wine."

She rose obediently, a froth of rose

and silver that ended surprisingly where crinolines might well have begun foaming into billows, and caught Chris's eye so that he went numb with happy anguish. "If Doctor Crane will come and turn the pages."

Chris went after her like a sleep-walker. "Oh, God, I'm in love!" he said silently, between horror and prayer.

IN THE music room, a chill, austere, high-ceilinged chamber, candle glow shed soft light on the belly of a cello; a harp stood mute in a dusky corner. At the rosewood piano the girl sat down and began to play a sonata. The rain upon the French windows tattooed faint, savage drums of warning, and Chris, standing ensnared, strained to listen to the undertone of this strange night. Was it the bass chords trembling under her fingers — was it the river muttering menace? Suddenly he wanted to snatch her out of this house of phantom security, to stride with her in his arms into his own world, the world of today where the airs of life roved widely. He stood moveless, staring at the faint dimpling of moving muscle in her white shoulder, and Porcher's cigar smoke came in a rich whiff into the room.

Her fingers stroked a soft closing chord from the keys, and she rose swiftly. "Let's go out," she said.

Following through the door he found her on a low bench faintly white in the darkness of the pillared veranda. She drew the froth of her skirts aside for him, and he sat down, breathing in the scent of wistaria unsteadily.

"All this," he said with a gesture which took in the orange squares of the Manse windows, the drenched

lawn, "is very different from anything I have ever known."

"It's what I have always known," Jeannine said softly.

"You are part of it. No," he contradicted himself swiftly; "it is part of you."

"You think, then," she laughed, a little wistfully, "that I'm more than a family heirloom?"

She was completely of this place, aloof, enchanted, as she sat there, but Chris said dauntlessly, "You'd be exactly the same in Chimborazo, Colorado. You're real."

"Am I? You don't know what it is to live under the eyes, under the laws, of people who have been dead for centuries; in a place where change simply isn't permitted."

"Change," said Chris, "is a stronger law than even Congressmen can pass. Some day this place will go back to the cypress swamps, to the wilderness."

She gave a little shiver. "Poor Father!" she said absently. "The Gran' Seigneur has always been obeyed."

HE WAS there now, an upright shadow in the glow of the opened door. "Jeannine!" His courtesy was imperious. She rose, her hand like a white moth brushing Chris Crane's in the darkness, and rustled in. Chris could see her in the lighted drawing-room beyond, lifting vivacity to Beaufort Porcher over the silver coffee service that the butler had brought in, as he stumbled in the window where Bienville awaited him with polite scrutiny.

"The night is rather too damp for Jeannine, I think," said Bienville, stirring the little porcelain cup of coffee.

Chris agreed mechanically, watching the smiling face swimming in the candlelight beyond. Was she youth to his youth, or was she age, invincible, privileged age of name and state? he wondered, aching. Bienville said:

"You will be leaving us shortly, Beaufort says. Too bad. He too is returning to Washington tomorrow. He is perturbed about the floods." He spoke as though the Honorable might take official action. "We regret his going," he went on in his silvery, tree-frog voice. "Mr. Porcher, I might tell you, is to marry my daughter." He put the cup with a little click on the saucer, smiling. "Will you take a hand with us at *écarté*? It is an old man's game, I know — I don't play your bridge or poker."

"Thank you," said Chris, politely refusing, and stood for a brief moment watching his dream die. He collected himself. "I'm sorry, but I have to be at work very early tomorrow — I'm pressed for time. I must go."

"Of course," acquiesced his host gracefully; "you are leaving the Bayou so soon."

IN ANOTHER minute Chris was bidding a wide-eyed, flushing Jeannine goodbye — a brief goodbye, but one, he knew, that would have to last forever. When the pain cleared a little, he was in the old boat, in the drenching downpour, borne on the ruthless river back to his desolate last stand in the marshes.

The waters, he noticed, plodding up from the moored boat, had risen to within five hundred feet of the shack. If the rains didn't stop, something would be up. He turned the knob of the laboratory door. It resisted.

"I say! Von K.!"

No answer. The laboratory was quite dark. He banged angrily, and from inside a moan answered him.

"What the devil, Von K.! What's the matter?"

Chris set his big shoulder to the door, gave it three battering-ram lunges, and burst the frail cast iron bolt. On the dark floor he stumbled over Von Kahlden's body.

"Good Lord, what's happened?"

The stocky Teuton sat up on one elbow weakly. "It's all right. Just lost a lot of plud," he said thickly.

IN FIVE minutes Chris had lit the lamp, torn strips of a clean shirt, ripped off Von Kahlden's coat, and got the arm bandaged too tightly for any more blood to ebb away.

"There vass some Crackers," the German hiccoughed over a draught of whiskey, "come in here looking ugly. Talked wild about how we got to get out of here. I giff one of them a paste, and slammed the door locked. They potted me through the window. I doused the light, and den I guess I fainted."

Chris sat meditating. "We are invited to go, officially, unofficially, and with a shot gun. Do we go, old fellow?"

"We go, *Gott sei dank!* When you haff found your resistant strain. Hurry up — I wish to eat again biscuits dot are not mildewed."

For three days Chris was a fire of mind in a numb body, a hunting hound of a brain that raced down tangled forest lanes of the evil fungous wood, and scented the fleeing foe through the emerald hells, the high lights and half-lights and dark vales of that microcosm.

Von Kahlden, nursing an arm fast mending, watched the rain splashing on the window pane and the brown sullen waters creeping through the woods, creeping nearer and nearer, and held his tongue.

THE waters on the third day were fifty feet from the laboratory window, and Von Kahlden, smoking a rank meerschaum, was watching the roof of a corncrib floating by with a pig squealing on top of it, when he heard a hoarse shout behind him.

"Yay! I've got it!" Chris stumbled up dizzily, slapping Von Kahlden's back till the stubby man reeled. "Got the whole darn thing! One hundred and twenty transfers of the rot virus to culture media made up with strain 114C, and not a darn thing growing on them after ten days' high incubation. Every one of the controls showing high infection. And strain 114C has the biggest electrolytic resistance in the bunch — just the way I thought. The secret of it's the salt content of the cell sap. It's immunity, I tell you!"

He took off his fuzzed glasses to wipe them, and then he stopped stock-still, staring.

"Good Lord!"

"Ja, it iss a flood," corroborated Von Kahlden. "You are done — let us go. Better be quick."

"Why in blazes didn't you tell me, you *verdammte* Hun?" The lawns of Bienville Manse, serene and perfume drenched, tossed in green waves before his frantic eyes. And at that moment, past the window, through the trees, came bobbing a white thing, a low backed bench that brought to Chris in a flash the scent of wistaria blossoms and the touch of a white moth hand.

He was splashing down to the

boat that Von Kahlden had provisionally moored to a nearby tree, fumbling with the rope when the German came stumbling out of the shack with two microscopes and autoclave, a bundle of Chris's tabulations, upwards of a hundred culture plates, and a spectro-scope.

"Chuck it!" directed Chris, grimly, "we've got to make sure the Bien-villes are safe. No time for that rot."

The German's eyes popped as he dumped out his load save for the bundle of Chris's papers, the fruit of all his labors. These he shook bel-ligerently in Chris Crane's face.

"*Dumkopf!* For these the Depart-ment will forgiff all your badness. Now row — it would be a pity if we lost them by drowning."

A MILE of this, if he could make that mile, would bring him to Bien-ville. The bend and tug, bend and tug, of Chris Crane's back over the oars brought the sweat streaming down into his eyes. He shook it out, and stared through foggy glasses, at the serene façade of Bienville Manse, white columns rising out of a rush of flecked waters that poured in a dark invading torrent through the open doorway.

Had she gone? Was she there, behind that incredibly indifferent high white portico? "Jeannine!" he shouted, and "Jeannine!" And her voice, wild and frightened over the sibilant roar of waters, floated from out the house.

They got the boat over the drowned lawn, in between the pillars, and steadied in one of the French windows. Up to his knees in water Chris splashed through the music room.

"Jeannine!" He pounded up the stairs and saw her there, at the head of the curved flight of steps, the frailest blue clad reed it seemed, supporting the shaking figure of Bien-ville against the balustrade.

"Oh, take him," she cried des-perately. "He can scarcely stand on his feet now. It's the shock. He wouldn't go — he wouldn't believe the levees would ever break."

Chris had swept him up in strong arms. "Where are the servants?" he called over his shoulder, plunging down the stairs.

"They took the boat and left us." Her voice floated after, as he splashed toward the boat with Bienville in his arms. Von Kahlden took him, roughly tender, and got whiskey down between his chattering teeth by the time Chris had Jeannine down the stairs.

IN THE middle of the drawing-room where the ancient portraits stared in horror, Chris stopped short, and looked at her, nested in his arms.

"You're going to marry that fellow Porcher?" It was out, with his de-vastating directness.

"Heavens, no! Where did you get that idea?"

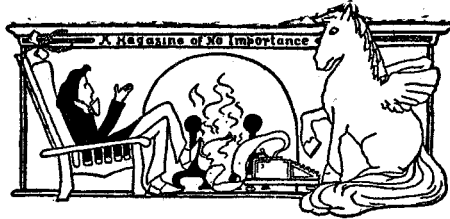
"From your father."

"Poor father! He's lived so long in a world of his own building. The flood has swept that all away."

She raised brown candid eyes too near his hungry own.

Von Kahlden, making his scientific observations over Bienville's drooped shoulder down the flooded hall, chuck-led to himself.

The resistant strain, then, had been proved to be, after all, not immune.



Stuff and Nonsense

BY DONALD ROSE

*A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, without good Rhyme,
Reason or Responsibility, Reflecting Nothing beyond the
Peculiar Mental Processes of its Editor*

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THIS BOOK COLLECTING GAME

I REALLY cannot say just when I became a collector. Perhaps it is a family weakness, rooted in my endocrine glands, and well do I remember that my maternal uncle was a rent collector in his younger days and was rarely seen far away from his little black books, which even then fascinated me intensely. And then there was my other uncle, who was a book agent or a road agent or a press agent or something. He was a great lover of poetry; he carried a ten volume set of the English Poets with him wherever he went, which was practically everywhere. But that is another story. Perhaps in my next book —

We were a literary family. Even when I was no more than a tiny tot of six or perhaps seven, one room in the house was always known to us as the Library. Mother used to dry the wash there on wet Mondays. There were books there, too, and on the bottom shelf within reach of my eager little hands a copy of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and *The Secret History of the Papacy*. How I loved those books! But you don't find such books in libraries nowadays, and if you do you keep it to yourself. But I digress. We were talking of book collecting.

I first became a collector in a serious way at the age of eight. Perhaps it was cigarette cards or matchbox covers, but I think it was buttons. I started with just one or two buttons, but in no time at all I had a bagful. Even at that tender age I learned the joys of patient pursuit

of a rare specimen. I would follow a fat man for miles through the streets hoping that his trousers would weaken. They never did.

We knew nothing of Behaviorism in those days, and my parents probably had no idea that I was to become a book collector. They never suspected that my habit of collecting tram car tickets — for you must know that we lived in dear old London, down Brixton way — would have any serious or psychopathic consequences. Nor did they inquire into the origin of my weakness for rarities and oddities. They admit that I fell heavily down the cellar stairs at the age of three and landed on my head and an iron shovel, but they argue that nothing can be done about it now.

I turned to book collecting practically by accident. I had been collecting this and that in a casual, trifling sort of way — safety razor blades, blotters and stamped envelopes, and tubes of toothpaste which were stale, flat and unprofitable but not quite squeezed to death. But I knew nothing whatever of the amenities of book collecting. My collecting was, in fact, a magnificent farce. There was nothing either permanent or profitable about it, and all my collections have been broken up and scattered with the exception of my set of non-refillable bottles, of which I have down cellar the finest collection in the world.

One day Long John Slugg dropped in to see me. Long John is one of nature's noblemen, a

little decayed but still a rich, ripe personality. About him there are unmistakable evidences of breeding and culture — agriculture, to be specific, and the breeding of guinea-pigs. I am very fond of him and he never lets me forget it.

"Now that there last book you gave me," said he, "that was a good 'un, and no mistake. Finest book I ever see. I don't think rightly you should of parted with her, but that ain't fer me to say. I got a lot of good out of that there book."

I recalled the book. It was a souvenir guide to the Centennial Exhibition, illustrated, quarto or even pint-o size. Long John and I stepped out into the garden. He pointed with pride to the long row of celery, its tops now neatly encircled by paper collars. "There she are," he said proudly. "She stands up good under the weather and the celery sure likes her. A fine book." He slipped the paper collar from the last head of celery and showed me its blanching stalks. I glanced at the paper. It was the title page and on it was imprinted, "First Edition".

I shall never be able to express all that I owe to Long John for this accidental introduction to the book collecting game. There was always some difference of opinion as to what I owed him, and now he is gone and the greater debt must remain forever unsatisfied. For from that day I became a collector.

Step into my library with me. Take yonder chair — the one with the cat on it. I remember as if it were yesterday the day when Mrs. Caruthers-Ewing sat in that chair. She also was a collector, and at the moment was collecting for the Foreign Missions of the Reformed Episcopal Church. I remember vividly my embarrassment, the embarrassment of a man of some little knowledge and experience in the presence of enthusiastic ignorance. For I had painted that chair that very afternoon, and Mrs. Caruthers-Ewing didn't know it yet. But I digress again.

Here is one of the prizes of my collection. A *Sears-Roebuck Catalogue* of 1914, in its original covers and complete except for the order blank. Very rare indeed, and a real treasure, though I shall never be quite satisfied until I replace it with a perfect copy. Your true collector knows no second-best satisfactions.

In the glass case is my set of *Bell Telephone Directories* for South Jersey. Not complete, of course; I don't suppose any man in the world

has a perfect set. The jewel of the lot is the Spring Edition of 1921, with the blue cover instead of the usual buff. The reason for the difference is one of those romantic tales which give this book collecting game its inexhaustible fascination. Most collectors are satisfied with the buff copy and never realize that they have what is virtually a second edition. On page 87 of my copy there is a wrong number. I'm not exaggerating at all, a genuine wrong number. It was, of course, discovered almost immediately, and a new edition was issued at enormous expense. It's a long story, but to those who know its details a buff copy is virtually valueless. My dear wife gave me this treasure on my eightieth birthday.

Here is my *Stamp Catalogue* for 1898. Practically complete and fully watermarked; it was left out in the rain during the panic of 1907. And this is the *Prospectus* of the New York Automobile Show for 1908. I should like to tell how I obtained it, but there are people still living whose reputations are somewhat involved. I need not tell you that this little book, the *Wanamaker Diary* for 1918, is quite priceless. I have tried everywhere to get a price for it, and nobody can begin to estimate its value. I have also some desk diaries of the late nineties that are extremely rare, and a beautiful copy of the *Methodist Hymnal* with annotations in a hand which may quite possibly be Walt Whitman's.

That fine collector, the late Mr. Morgan, paid \$25,000 for a book that is practically identical with the one you hold in your hand. It is the same size, color and thickness, though they differ somewhat in subjects, authors and publication dates. My own copy has no colophon, but it may never have had any. And on the high shelf is my set of *Third Readers*. I have always had a personal weakness for *Third Readers*. First and Second Readers hardly touch me at all, but I can't resist a *Third Reader*. You must remember that book collecting has tremendous educational possibilities. I hope eventually to reach an appreciation of *Fourth Readers* or even *Fifth* and *Sixth*. But alas, life is so short!

Before you go, let me show you my choicest prize. A genuine copy of *The Bartenders' Guide* autographed by Jerry himself. A quaint and lovely book. I was offered ten thousand for it, right in this room, just last week. A friend of mine — I can't tell you his name, but he may yet

be known as one of the great collectors of America — offered me five thousand at first and by midnight was up to ten and still going. But I didn't care to sell and it was getting late anyway, so I loaned him a dime for carfare and he went home heartbroken. That's the way it is with this book-collecting game; sunshine and shadow, tragedy and comedy, triumphs and disappointments.

But I digress again. I hear that a copy of the *Postal Regulations* for 1905 has turned up at a private sale. I must lay down my pen — regretfully indeed — and go after it before Dr. Rosenbach hears of it.

My Financial Career

It is six months now since I got my promission that Radio stocks were due for a marked advance. I can't say what led me to think so, but I felt that it was a good time to buy. There was some doubt about the comparative advantages of the aviation stocks, but I felt sure that Radio was the young giant in the investment field.

There was some doubt as to the advisability of buying on margin, but I am naturally of a daring and speculative disposition. I figured that a thousand dollars or so would give me a pretty nice block to hold for the inevitable rise. The more I studied the situation the more certain I felt that opportunity was indeed at the door.

Within two months Radio gained nearly a hundred points. It might go higher, but here was a sure profit. And I was right. There was a reaction of thirty points or so and a brief steadiness, just long enough for a bold reinvestment. Then came the soaring advances of the bull market. Radio went to 300 and far beyond. It looked like 500 by Christmas, but I am not greedy. I felt satisfied when it topped 350 and showed another fat profit.

Sure enough, Radio broke almost overnight and was down to 260. I saw it was good for another brief reaction, sufficient for a neat little profit in quick trading. After that the logical thing was to sell short, counting on the post-Christmas depression. Later on there might come another opportunity to get aboard for a rise.

It has been an amazing demonstration of what can be done by careful analysis of the

market and a conservative willingness to be guided by good judgment rather than greed. Throughout the experience I made only one serious mistake. Six months ago, at the very outset of my financial career, I unfortunately neglected to buy any Radio stocks.

Our Own Book-of-the-Month Club

Boston. By Upton Sinclair. (Boni, \$5.00.)

Reviewed by a free-thinking vegetarian who read *The Jungle* when he was too young to know any better, and can still scarce look a can of beans in the eye without thinking of the uncertainty of human life.

This, roughly speaking, is the story of what happens to a grandmother when she forgets the respectability due to a grandmother, and decides to take in washing or something in order to support herself in the style to which she is not accustomed. The fact that this is a Boston grandmother, with ancestors and everything, is Mr. Sinclair's idea of a polite kick in the pants for America's snootiest society.

Nobody can blame the grandmother — her immediate family being what it is — from extending her grandmothering to a more responsive and emotional circle of acquaintances. This circle includes a couple of other fellows by name of Sacco and Vanzetti, who were a pair of high-minded idealists or a brace of Bolsheviks, according to how you feel about it. Concerning their alleged crimes and offenses, Mr. Sinclair is quite sure they didn't do them and also is disposed to feel that nobody could much blame them if they did. He also feels that there are a lot of people in Boston and elsewhere who need a little capital punishment and penal servitude worse than they did.

Mr. Sinclair has a lot on his mind. The world is so full of a number of things and most of them are all wrong. Under such circumstances he cannot enjoy his rest and royalties unless he periodically goes probing into the sensitive corners of our national conscience with a barbed stable fork. His chief mistake, aside from the assumption that the world can be reformed by reformers, is that he takes two fat volumes to push his point and preachment home. Most of our moods of repentance and self-examination simply won't last that long.

THE STUFF AND NONSENSE ALPHABETICAL EDUCATION

No. 2. ALCHEMY

Alchemy is the art or science of converting the baser metals into better ones, such as gold or silver, though gold is considered preferable. We don't know anything about it. If we did we should do something about the old cook-stove which has been down cellar for fourteen years waiting for something to happen to it. A junkman has offered us twenty-five cents for it, but we wouldn't think of parting with half a ton of machinery for twenty-five cents, and we can't get it out of the cellar, anyway. We got it down there but we can't get it out again. There is also a box in the workshop containing carriage bolts, iron washers, bent nails, and a lot of keys none of which fit any door in the county. We have tried for years to throw these away, but at the last minute our courage always collapses in a heap. Unless we find out something about alchemy, we shall continue to cherish them in the expectation that some day we shall use them in one of the odd jobs around the house for which we are so justly famous.

No. 3. ANATOMY

Anatomy is the geography of the innards. Its study is essential to surgeons, osteopaths, tailors and all doctors except those who believe you can cure anything, from flat feet to a pain in the neck, by drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast.

Anatomy reveals a lot of inside information about the human race. It discloses, for example, that there are in your body something over two hundred bones, the number varying according to your age, the destructive tendencies of your dentist, and the exact date on which you last dined on shad or mackerel. Anatomy can make you personally acquainted with your own skeleton, from which you will get practically no satisfaction whatever. A skeleton is an ingenious arrangement, but its æsthetic appeal is distinctly limited and it makes a mockery of human vanity. If you are at all sensitive you had better avoid anatomy and keep your illusions.

In addition to the bones there are the nerves. In our own academic youth we studied the nerves by separating a cat named Seraphina into her component parts, whereby we learned

that she was really frightfully complicated. The nervous arrangement of a cat looks like a map of the Bell Telephone system of Pennsylvania, though their purpose is somewhat different. Those desiring to prove this for themselves may have a cat or two cats by applying in person at the editorial offices, where there is a practically unlimited supply of cats. The reason for this is that we have a warm cellar and a kind and gentle disposition. Any stray cat can win our sympathies with a single pathetic purr and find a night's lodging thereby beside the furnace fire. And it is well known to scientists, zoölogists and psychologists that a cat once warm and well-fed in a house is there forever. You may throw her out by one door but she will come back by another, and neither indignity nor insult will permanently hurt the feline feelings.

Returning briefly to anatomy, we note that this is only the first in a series of essential studies designed to prepare you to take the human machine apart and put it together again. Its study reduces *Homo Sapiens* to a composite of bones, vessels, muscles, ligaments, filaments, and ornaments. Next comes Bio-chemistry, by which you reduce it further to the equivalent of the by-products of a ton of soft coal. Then comes Physiology, which reduces it to an aggregation of electrical phenomena. Finally there is Psychology, which reduces it to an absurdity. When you have mastered all these, you are ready to open an office and practice medicine. That also is the way it will appear to your patients, if any.

No. 4. BANQUETEERING

The question as to why people attend banquets is a subject for the consideration of psychologists, anthropologists and alienists, but the fact itself is sufficiently obvious. In this gregarious age no young man is even approximately educated who fails to recognize that civilization is largely a matter of the fully starched shirt and the after-dinner story about the two Irishmen. Since we must positively insist that life is real, life is earnest, we include in our post-graduate and advanced alphabetical education the essential elements of Banqueteering.

The average banquet is a light lunch with raw oysters attached to one end of it and cold coffee to the other. It is an opportunity for people to look steadfastly at dirty china and

bread crumbs while listening to other people talk about nothing in particular. All banquets are alike, but some banquets are more alike than others. Their menus are indistinguishable except by reference to the price of the tickets, and a croquette at a banquet is either a chicken croquette or an oyster croquette or a ham croquette, according only to the conscience of the caterer.

No way has yet been devised by the wisdom of man whereby the coffee and the cream and sugar shall arrive simultaneously at the banquet table. No genius has yet discovered a system for seating the guests so that mortal antipathies and antagonisms shall not inevitably arrive at the same table. There is no known case of a guest at a banquet admitting that his location with relation to the head table is all that he has a right to expect.

Brilliant conversation at banquets or formal society dinners is found only in short stories and English novels. The frozen faces of the waiters at a banquet are not an accident nor an inherited taint; they are the consequence of the repeated inhalation of the same after-dinner stories. The really bright moment in any banquet is the flashlight picture. Portraits of individuals caught in this illuminating moment are invaluable to alienists in subsequent criminal lawsuits.

The standing army of the United States is the guests waiting until eight o'clock for the banquet to begin at seven o'clock. The unhappiest man at a banquet is the toastmaster, and his unhappiness is infectious, contagious and epidemic. The speakers of the evening may be recognized as the gentlemen with the stiff and bulging shirt fronts. Under excessive strain of emotion and elocution their studs will usually fly out.

NO. 5. BASKETBALL

Basketball is loosely described as an indoor sport, and is distinguished from others by its costume, which begins late and leaves off early, and is therefore scarcely suited to bridge, dominoes or ordinary shuffle board. The object of the game is to throw a ball into a basket, but since the basket — through some inexplicable oversight of the rule-makers — has no bottom, the ball must be thrown into it repeatedly, and there is really nothing final or conclusive about the game. Practically the entire attention of the players, officials and spectators at a basket-

ball game is devoted to fouls, and penalties in atonement and repentance for them. If a player turns suddenly logical and tucks the ball under his arm or walks or runs away with it, it is a technical foul. If he seizes one of his opponents by the slack of the trousers — of which there is none to spare — it is a personal foul. If he hits him in the nose, bites his ear, kicks his shins or breaks his ribs, it is a very personal foul, and arouses to fever pitch the æsthetic sensibilities of the audience.

NO. 6. BATHING

By grace of the advertising pages of the national magazines there is no longer any mystery to personal or private bathing, except the fundamental and eternal mysteries as to where the soap is gone, what happens to all the towels, and how the operator knows that the proper and acceptable moment to ring your telephone is when you are in the very act of total immersion. Mystery is equally lacking to seashore bathing, which consists chiefly of the bather being forcibly up-ended by a wave and filled to the brim with salt water. Our educational hints will therefore be restricted to taking a bath at a Public Bath in the chief European cities, which is about the only way you can get one unless you take it with you.

The attendant will draw your bath for you, and ask your opinion as to whether it is hot enough. Since this seems to be your last chance to get hot water, you let him draw it at a temperature only a little south of boiling point. He locks you in and leaves you. You hang the epidermis of civilized life on a hook or two and step into the tub. Unless you want to be boiled like a lobster, you immediately leap out again.

You look around for the cold water tap. There isn't any. You call gently and modestly for the attendant, but he has gone away elsewhere to reflect upon the peculiarities of Americans. You shout and pound on the door, with no visible effect except a faint protest from a middle-aged lady who is occupying the bathing machine on the other side of the aisle. You subside into silence and try to get in the tub again. It can't be done.

So you sit awhile on the edge of the tub and sprinkle yourself locally. At the end of twenty minutes or half an hour the water is not perceptibly cooler and you are constrained to conclude your ablutions. The attendant turns up in time to accept a gratuity and to wonder

secretly at the further peculiarities of Americans, who can spend fifteen minutes in a bathtub and still leave the water clear and unsullied. You leave him with his illusions and move on to the next town, where you take a cold tub and try to like it.

No. 7. BOOKKEEPING

The study of Bookkeeping presents to a young man some splendid opportunities for advancement with no place to go. You can keep books for twenty years and at the end of that time you will still have the books and very little else. Bookkeeping is the favorite study of business schools, and has no organic connection with the social custom of borrowing books and failing to return them.

A good stiff course in Bookkeeping has led thousands of young men to become ambitious and energetic vacuum cleaner salesmen. The rest of them become expert accountants; the output of expert accountants is in fact much greater than their income. Enough accountants are turned out of business schools — for one cause or another — to account for anything.

Bookkeeping includes accounting, posting, billing, cooing, filing and the emptying of waste baskets. It is the only proper way to take care of the profits of a small business, since if there is enough Bookkeeping there will be no profits. It is really quite a complicated process. The bookkeeper takes a dollar and transfers it to the day book and then to the ledger, and the puzzle is then to find the dollar. If you can't find it you call it petty cash and let it go at that.

Advanced Bookkeeping is intended only for big business, and is almost entirely double-entry. By means of double-entry, income taxes may be reduced to the vanishing point. In extreme cases double-crossing may be substituted for double-entry, and in this case the Government owes you a refund. Try and get it.

Two small boys were discussing religion, and particularly the existence of a personal devil. "Do you believe there really is a devil?" said the first. "Sure there's a devil," said the second. "Don't you think there's a devil?" "No," said the first. "There ain't no devil. It's just like Santa Claus; it's just daddy."

The Internal Infant

IT'S an undetermined question, I believe,
What the infantile digestion can achieve;
What assistance can we render
To a child of either gender
When its appetite is tender and naïve?

Are carbohydrates safe and sure to please?
Will proteins leave the children more at ease?
It hardly seems computable
What diet may be suitable
To stomachs so inscrutable as these.

But on careful observation it is clear,
If no troublesome relation interfere,
The child I'm designating
Can eat coal or armor-plating
Without abbreviating its career.

From the fragments scattered wide upon the
floor,
To the garbage pail beside the kitchen door;
And anything between,
From glue to gasoline,
And apples — sour and green — and the core.

And it doesn't fundamentally distress him,
Or even incidentally depress him.
And with awe I testify it
Is a fearful, frightful diet,
But it keeps the darling quiet, — Heaven bless
him!

Household Hints

The latest suggestion from Paris is the evening gown of pink chiffonier, trimmed hither and yon with mineral wool. The skirt is bouffant and the second story distinctly soufflé, with touches of ribbon dental cream to heighten the effect. The skirt is heavily gored and gimbelled in every direction. Ten yards of material will make this dress and leave enough over for new curtains for the living room.

A good recipe for homemade wine is as follows: Squeeze the juices of ten pounds of seedless raisins and three canned pineapples, adding three or four or maybe sixteen pounds of sugar. Place in a large crock or the baby's bathtub, stirring frequently with your wooden leg. Leave the brew to stand until the wife insists that you remove it; then bottle in gallon jugs and label plainly as Prune Cordial. After six months the jugs should be opened and the contents poured down the sink.

Our Centre of Gravity

"Remember that all things are only opinion, and that it is in your power to think as you please."

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Out of the litter of current literature there has been born a new and ungentle art — the delectable diversion of debunking. In part this is no more than a name for bad manners in journalism, but it serves also to define a serious effort to get at truth and away from illusions. It is in the spirit of the age in that it applies the scientific code to the province of letters and demands realism and accuracy above romance and pleasant illusions. It is also impatient of dupes and their delusions, and ruthless over tin idols and gods of gingerbread.

☪ ☪ ☪

The debunkers, however, preen themselves a little too consciously. They imply that it has been reserved to them to discover that this is an over-believing world. They glory too much in their housecleaning; they are too proud of their broom and mop. And they throw so much into the ashcan that there is little left to live with.

☪ ☪ ☪

Two hazards hover over the debunkers. The first is that their vision is not so keen as they think it to be, and may be astigmatic or cross-eyed by occasion of their own spiritual indigestion. The other is that nobody will take any real notice of them. This, by all the signs, is the final danger that threatens them. A man can sleep soundly in the shadow of a boiler factory and another will hear not at all the familiar roar and screech of the elevated train that passes his window, and in such fashion these loud speakers may find themselves ignored. Their dyspeptic gospel is liable to be dismissed as no more than need be expected of them. Suspicion of the source will at last outweigh the importance of the message.

☪ ☪ ☪

Of bunk the world is full. It is our chief article of diet, and though our tastes vary we all have appetite for it, for which reason our contempt for another man's credulity has its angles of comedy. The clever boys who write so scathingly against the believing mob are proof enough of this, since they themselves follow the weirdest and queerest collection of prophets that the world has yet endured. One man's bunk is another man's gospel; faith to one is

fantasy to another; and those who think too hard and painfully in any cause whatever will cheerfully hang an unbeliever. Lacking opportunity for such wholesale eliminations, the crusader spleen has vented itself in printed pages, and the controversy is more entertaining than enlightening.

☪ ☪ ☪

The term of debunking might best be applied to the destruction of illusions that are founded in lies. There are enough of these. Business, politics, and personal ambitions supply all men with occasion and material for lying, plain and fancy, and there will always be many to believe any lie that is uttered often enough. A lie may be pilloried and dissected. It may be exterminated by plain fact and clear thinking, and this is debunking with a sound mission. It is welcome, though often a little uncomfortable.

☪ ☪ ☪

But it has one weakness, which is not its own. The bunk will not stay out of a human concern, just as flies cannot be kept out of bakeshops. The air is too warm and congenial, and there is at hand so much on which to live and thrive. Take the bunk out of what you will today and it will crawl back by tomorrow.

☪ ☪ ☪

A survey of the magazines of a month shows a dozen articles which take the hide off a popular delusion based on a lie. They are conclusive in that they prove the lie and leave the bunk no excuse or protection. It is inconceivable that anyone can read them and still be vulnerable to such stuff again. But it is truer still that Barnum was right, and in this reflection bunk may rest in comfortable assurance of perpetuation.

Valentine to a Patient Wife

I **TOUGHT** to spend a lot of time
On Valentines in rhythmic rhyme,
To summarize in some degree
The things that make you dear to me.

And if I did, I have no doubt
I'd wear a dozen pencils out,
And reams of paper overspread,
With still a hundred things unsaid.

But on the whole I think it best
Your chief achievement to attest;
That, spite of years of *ennui*,
You're willing still to live with me.

GENERAL INFORMATION

(This department is maintained for the convenience of our readers and in recognition of the crying need for their enlightenment. Inquiries addressed to us will be here answered by experts on our staff, in association with a large corps of correspondents in every conceivable location. All information supplied is guaranteed to be as reliable as is at all necessary.)

Question: "I am a young girl, considered good looking by both sexes. One day, on a street car, a strange man offered me his seat and I refused. I am afraid he was offended for he got off the car right away. Since then I don't take street cars. Please advise me whether a young girl should accept such attentions from total strangers."

Answer: Your letter shocks me a little, but I find that as I grow older I am shocked easily and often. Of course a young girl should not accept attentions from total strangers, but she may accept almost anything else. Most of the young girls I know have very taking ways.

I am glad you do not take street cars any more. The last time I took one I didn't know what to do with the thing and had to return it under cover of a municipal election.

Question: "I have some unfermented fruit juices which I wish to store away for future use — say about next Christmas. I have also a five-gallon keg, but it has a sour and musty air about it. How can I restore its youth?"

Answer: The brewers and distillers, a species which inhabited this country about the XVIIth Dynasty, commonly used live steam to cleanse their kegs and casks. It is difficult, however, to get live steam nowadays for domestic use. It may be obtained from certain industrial plants, but it almost invariably dies on the way home.

You may, however, clean your keg by washing it thoroughly with nitric acid or with a strong solution of lye in hot water. The only difficulty is that this adds a distinct flavor to the subsequent contents of the keg, which may prove pleasant and invigorating but not necessarily wholesome. Or you may burn sulphur in it, which leaves you with the new problem of getting rid of the sulphur.

So we suggest that you simply turn the keg inside out and scrub it.

Question: "A minor disagreement over a purely personal opinion has led me into a serious difficulty. I have been challenged by the other party to a duel. I am quite unfamiliar with the conduct and etiquette of duels, and would be grateful for your advice."

Answer: We must call your attention to the fact that duelling is contrary to the law. At least we assume it is, though we have not personally seen the law on the matter. If it isn't, this is simply an oversight on the part of legislators.

However, law or no law, honor must be satisfied. You can't get out of a duel, any more than you can deny a date with the dentist or argue with the monthly statement from your bank.

You are in a tight place, and the only comfort in the situation is that by the rules of duelling you are entitled to the selection of weapons.

Here you have a wide choice. Very pleasing duels can be fought with sabres, bayonets, pistols, rapiers, bread-knives, buttonhole scissors or steam-shovels. A less spectacular duel can be fought with cigarette lighters, best two out of three and the winner to take all. Machine guns make a quick and convincing duel, but rather spoil the loser for the subsequent festivities. In cramped quarters, such as an apartment house or subway entrance, two men can fight it out with opened umbrellas. When one or more eyes have been put out the seconds should intervene.

The most deadly and terrifying duel we have witnessed was fought between two men carrying a full-sized mattress up three flights of stairs. On the first flight both parties suffered minor bruises and contusions on the stair rail, steps and electric light switch. On the second flight the lower man was practically crushed and smothered, while his opponent strained a ligament and lost two finger nails. But on the last flight the upper man was dragged head over heels down seven steps and completely lost beneath the mattress.

In view of the decreasing birth rate and the high cost of permanent funerals, perhaps it will be well for you to insist that your duel be fought with billiard cues at fifty paces; the scissors-hold, full nelson and rabbit punch to be barred, and the moving picture rights to be divided equally between the two principals.

*Our Monthly Department for
Dear Little Noosances*

Fun for the Little Tots

For you younger children who have not yet learned to climb on the roof or use sling-shots there is no toy so delightful as a nice sharp pair of scissors, such as the ones mother has hidden in her desk in the fond delusion that you don't know where they are. You can pretty nearly satisfy your natural instincts simply by running around with the scissors and falling down occasionally, but if this begins to pall you can begin to cut things. You can, for instance, cut off one or more of your curls. You have plenty more curls, and even when one is cut off you still have it. And then you can cut nice lacy designs in your dress and petticoat, and even in the tablecloth if the scissors are really sharp.

When these possibilities are exhausted you can cut out paper-dolls. You will find a lot of pictures suitable for paper-dolls in the new magazines which came this morning, and a whole lot more in the Sears Roebuck catalogue or — as most children call it — the Sears Roebuck. You can cut out hundreds of paper-dolls and papa will send for a new catalogue when he comes home. The manager of Sears Roebuck has a whole lot of people busy all the time sending out new catalogues for little children like you to cut into paper-dolls, and you wouldn't want any one of them to run out of work and lose his job, would you? He might have a little golden-haired darling like you who would have to go without her paper-dolls if her dear father was out of a job, and that would be terrible.

When there is no more room on the piano or mantel for paper-dolls you can get mother's writing paper and fold it into squares and triangles and snip it. This will make a lot of pretty patterns for you to show mother. It will also make a lot of snips. You must cut the holes real small, because this makes a great many little snips, and little snips stick to the carpet much better than big ones. Don't forget that mother will be home soon, and *won't* she be pleased to see that you have been having such a nice time?

Our Bedtime Story

(Continued from last month)

You remember, children, that we left our friend the hot dog wriggling in its roll while Mr. Henry Ford sat and thought about a new model and quantity production. This hot dog's name was—strangely enough—Algernon, and he had a brother named Tobias who was largely involved in a chicken croquette on Fifty-Seventh Street in New York City. Tobias was thinking at the moment of going into the artistic profession. But for the moment the artist had lost his appetite.

"I don't say it ain't a good picture," he said mournfully to his lady, who was awfully interested. "How should I know if it's a good picture or not? If I knew a good picture from a bad one I wouldn't be painting 'em; I'd be selling 'em. Yes, I would. But they put me on the judge's committee and the two other fellers went off to Philadelphia for the week-end and likely as not have died there and will lie around for weeks and weeks until somebody thinks to bury them. And I've got to judge the pictures and hang 'em, and if I get one wrong side up I'm ruined. I've a mind to quit painting and go into politics."

"That would be nice," said the lady, between bites. "But what's the matter with the picture?"

"How should I know?" mourned the artist. "It may be all right. It looks like a fried egg hanging on a Christmas tree, which is why he called it 'Troubled Waters'. What'll I do with it?"

The lady had a bright idea. "You might hang the picture in the hallway," she said, "and the artist in the gent's washroom. Would that help?"

"Not much," gloomed her companion. "The guy that painted it has a brother-in-law on the show committee. I got to figure on his feelings or he'll never buy that still life of mine—the one with the fourteen-inch frame. Lord, when I think of all that gold leaf I wish I could eat it." He rose from the table and groped for his hat and coat. The watchful waiter snatched Tobias from the table and took him back to the kitchen for another incarnation.

(To be continued)

Among Those Present



E. H. H. SIMMONS, President of the New York Stock Exchange, who writes (Page 287) on the machinery of Wall Street, which so many Americans have been using but which so few understand

Portrait by
Arnold Genthe



F RANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, more and more discussed as the possible leader and future Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party

E. H. SOTHERN (at left) who has some subtly vitriolic things to say (Page 308) about the present state of the drama and its critics



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